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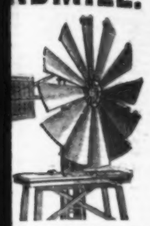

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VOLUME XLII.—NO. 23. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883. WHOLE NUMBER 2147.

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Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

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Editorial.

TWO CROPS A YEAR.

Fifty or even twenty five years ago most of farmers were satisfied if they could get one good crop from a piece of land in a year, but to-day few successful farmers are satisfied unless they can get at least two crops a year. Experience teaches that it is more profitable to keep land covered most of the time with growing vegetation, than it is to let it lay idle half the time; in fact, it is now very generally understood that land which is not protected by growing crops but lies uncovered and exposed to the burning sun and drying winds, is very rapidly losing its fertility; first by the escape of gaseous substances, and second by the blowing away of the fine particles of soil, containing mineral as well as vegetable compounds, that are valuable for plant food.

The moment the soil is covered with growing vegetation, it not only stops loss by escaping gasses, by the action of the sun, and the fine soil by the wind, but it so changes the condition as to draw to it the gasses and mineral and vegetable compounds that are being wasted on other fields. For example, when two farms adjoin each other, and one is kept covered with growing vegetation, while the other has on it growing crops but a few months in the year, the one that is kept covered will draw to it a considerable portion of the fertility that the other loses; so that if no coarse substances are sold off the farm, one of the farms would be growing rich at the expense of the other. This is one of the secrets of success in farming. The difference between the two systems is equal to a fair profit.

Whatever land is cultivated should be well manured, well cultivated, and kept well covered with growing vegetation, as much of the time as possible. Some have an idea that it is best to occasionally plough land up and let it rest, but this is a mistake; nature is full of life and activity, and is ever striving to increase her fertility when not Interrupted by man; her first efforts to this end is to cover the earth with growing vegetation. The moment this is done the work of increasing the fertility of the farm is commenced and never ceases until man steps in and removes the growing vegetation. But the advantages of growing two crops in a year are not confined to the improvement of the land, for there are other advantages even more important. When two crops are to be grown in one season the farmer can afford to manure the land quite heavily, and thus secure a larger first crop than he would be likely to get if manured for only one crop, and often the second crop will be equal to an ordinary first crop. When two crops are grown in one season, as a rule, the land is kept so well cultivated that there is but little chance for weeds to grow, so that the farm becomes so free from these pests, that the expense of cultivating both crops is but a trifle more than it usually costs to cultivate one.

There is still another advantage in growing two crops; the farmer can make a better selection of land, because not much if any more than half as much is required to grow the same amount of produce. The farmer should always strive to get two good crops of hay from each piece of land every year; this is easily done if the soil is heavy and moist, which is the land that ought always be selected for grass. The crop of Indian corn requires so much of the warm season to grow, it is difficult to get more than one crop with it, except it be one that will grow in the autumn and early spring months. Winter rye will do this, and get large enough to cut for fodder in time to clear the land for another crop of corn. After a crop of potatoes the land may be seeded down to grass in time to get covered before winter sets in. Winter rye may be followed with Hungarian; ensil ge corn may be followed with winter rye; in this way two field crops can easily be obtained each year. In garden crops there is a chance to get two and sometimes three crops from a piece of land in a year; this is now practiced by nearly all good gardeners; the difference in the profits being so great that few feel that they can afford to grow but one crop.

Whatever crops are grown in the summer, the farmer or gardener ought to make an effort to have the land covered in the winter with some crop, even if it is to be ploughed under in the spring, because, as before stated, the growing crop is collecting fertility from other fields that are not protected by vegetation. So important is it that the land should be protected with some covering, that it is found when covered with manure in the autumn that the loss from the manure is not as great as would be the loss of the land by exposure. Our cold winters and sudden variations in temperature during the late autumn and early winter months so affect the exposed soil that it loses more plant food than the farmer can afford to part with; therefore it should be his constant aim to keep his land covered during the cold season, with such plants as are hardy enough to withstand the changeable weather, and at the same time protect the soil from waste; it should also be his constant aim to, during the warm season, keep his land constantly covered with growing crops, so as to be not only all the time drawing fertility from the air, but also by shading the soil prevent waste.

The better farmers understand plant growth the more thoroughly will they be convinced that they must keep their land covered with growing vegetation, if they would increase its fertility. Of course it is understood that the farmer is not to sell off the coarse materials of his farm without investing a portion of the profits in fertilizers. The point claimed is, that a constant succession of crops gives the farmer more profits, and at the same time improves his land, because he prevents waste by exposure, and collects the waste of the surrounding exposed fields, by the constant growth which he keeps up on his own fields.

GRAFTING STONE FRUIT.

While it is more difficult to make scions live on a cherry, plum or peach tree, than it is on a pear, apple or quince, if the scions be properly set and cared for, most of them will grow. The cherry should be grafted quite early in the season; in Massachusetts the last of March is not too early. The plum may come in a little later. The peach should also be grafted early; but as a rule it is not good policy to graft a large peach tree. About the only occasion when it is best to resort to grafting the peach tree is when by some oversight or bad luck the seedling tree is permitted to get too large before it is budded. A peach tree that is more than an inch in diameter, is too large to bud to advantage, so that a tree that is 3-4 of an inch in diameter in the spring, will be too large to bud in August; but if it is not, at least one year is lost in waiting to bud it, for if grafted in the spring the graft will, if it lives, make a growth at once, while if budded it would not grow until the next season. In grafting such trees it is best to set the scion near the surface of the ground, and cover the lower end with earth; in this way it is very sure to grow.

The plum and cherry may be grafted under the same circumstances, in the same way; but both the cherry and the plum may be very successfully grafted when they become nearly full grown trees. There is one precaution which should always be taken when large trees are grafted early in the season, which is to protect the scions from the birds. Early set scions if left exposed are frequently started from their proper places by the birds resting on them. To prevent this, some of the small limbs that are cut from the tree should be tied on the grafted branches in a manner to protect the scions. In fastening the branch care should be taken to have it strong enough to prevent it from getting loose so as to touch the scions.

Those who have never given this subject any attention, are not aware how large a proportion of scions, set on large trees, are prevented from growing by being misplaced by passing birds. Scions set late in the season are not as liable to be misplaced, because the time is so short between the setting and when the scion begins to grow; but when a tree is grafted a month before the growing season commences, unless some protection is provided, the chances are that the larger portion of the scions will be started by passing birds, before the growing season commences.

POTATOES FOR PLANTING.

Few operations on the farm receive so little attention as the selection and keeping of potatoes for planting, yet the success of the crop depends very much on the condition of the potatoes planted. How often we hear farmers complain that their potatoes do not come up well, or that they fail to make a vigorous growth, usually attributing it to the state of the weather. When in many cases the trouble is with the potatoes planted.

In selecting and keeping potatoes one important fact is usually entirely overlooked, which is, that the *potato* is not the *seed*, therefore is more liable to be injured by keeping. Most of seeds are covered with a hard substance which protects them from the light, and the sudden changes of temperature, if kept in a dry place; but the potato being simply a tuber, has no such protection, therefore is very sensitive to light and variations of temperature, even though kept in a dry place. In fact, a potato is similar to the root of a tree, when severed from the tree, which we are so careful to keep in a dark, cool place, if we wish to keep it in a healthy condition, and grow well when set in the ground. The potato may endure more than the root of a tree without completely losing its vitality, but it suffers in the same way, and if not entirely killed, is injured in some degree by being kept where it is too hot, too cold, or too dry. If it is kept too hot it sprouts badly, and thus loses its vitality, never again producing such vigorous stalks as come from the first sprouts. If kept where it is so cold as to chill it, it is worse than keeping it where it is too warm, as it does not take much of a chill to prevent it from growing at all. The farmer in selecting potatoes for planting should ever keep in mind that he is dealing with tubers, and not with seed, therefore size and form is not so important as health. When he selects scions he cares more to have good buds and a healthy shoot, than he does for the particular form; and in keeping his scions he uses great care to keep them where it is cool, and neither too wet nor too dry. The same principle which holds good in the scion, applies to the potato, especially that which applies to the strength of the buds, and the health of the shoot or the tuber.

As the potato when planted is simply the renewal of the old life, it carries with it many of the diseases which it may have gathered up, while a seed only carries with it the constitutional weaknesses of the parent. Thus the importance of selecting potatoes as free as possible from disease, and of keeping them where they will lose none of their vitality.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.

(Farm and Home.)

Cattle disease is prevalent in nearly every country in England, and although not extensive in any one particular, the general dissemination of the malady is causing much anxiety at the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council. Orders in Council have been issued scheduling no fewer than 114 localities; 12 of which orders came into effect on the 26th ult., and over a hundred last week. Up to the present no cattle disease has been reported either in Wales or Scotland. Three hundred head of cattle landed at Liverpool recently from the steamship Kansas were, upon examination all found affected with foot and mouth disease, and were ordered to be immediately slaughtered in accordance with the provisions of the Act.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

GREEN CROPS AS A MANURE

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It is an object with us farmers to get our manure at the smallest expense. I want to find out all I can about the green crops, and the best seed for that green crop. I know something of the clover crop for a green manure, but clover requires two seasons. I am told that there is an animal muck used in Europe as rich, or richer in all the properties that make clover good, and better than all an annual; the name they bear is Lucerne and Yellow Luzin. Will you post me, and if it is to be had in Boston, and the price, and all you know about it, for the purpose of which I speak, and can it be mowed for fodder.

Yours, &c.,
D. W. NEWHALL.

Clinton, Feb. 10, 1883.

There are but few circumstances where it is desirable to resort to green crops to enrich land. Land that is deficient in humus may sometimes be very much improved by some green crop. On most of soils clover is the best, because it possesses the power to attract the nitrogen of the air to the soil, and change it to a compound that makes it available for plant food. It is true it requires more than one year to mature, but one good crop of grass can be cut, then it can be ploughed under, the principal portion of the fertility being in the roots. If ploughed under the first of September there will, unless very dry, be a second crop to turn under with the roots; as soon as the land is ploughed it should be sown with winter rye to be ploughed under in May, when the land may be planted with some crop that is to be harvested, but the green crop must not be relied on to furnish all of the fertilizers needed. It must be remembered that the green crops, though all ploughed under, do not increase the mineral elements of the soil but very little. It is only the nitrogenous and carbonacious compounds that are very much increased, so the phosphates and alkalies must be supplied by applying barn manure or commercial fertilizers that are rich in phosphates and potash. Ground bone and ashes are good materials to apply to land where green crops have been ploughed in. We presume Lucerne and Lupin seed can be purchased at the seed stores, but our soil does not seem to produce either in such quantities as the European.

If land is to be enriched at the least expense, care should be taken to keep it covered with growing vegetation; as soon as one crop is ploughed in, or removed, another should be planted.—[ED.

COWS "COMING IN."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

As there seems to be a difference of opinion among my neighbors on this question, I would thank you to set me right. Some inform me that it is proper to milk a cow right up to the time of her "coming in," while others say the cow should have a rest, and therefore I should dry them up as, fast as possible within six weeks of calving, and that they will do better after calving in consequence of the rest. If you will please answer you will oblige a subscriber.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. H. CLEAVES.

Rockport, Mass., March 2, 1883.

In dealing with cows we should ever keep in mind the fact that they are not living in their natural state; that man in his efforts to get the largest quantity of milk possible has sought to develop in the cow those qualities which tend to produce milk. This is usually done at the expense of some other qualities that go to make up the constitutional vigor of the cow, so when we find a cow of extraordinary milking qualities, we usually find one that requires more care to keep her in health than is required to keep an ordinary cow in health. The farther any particular point in an animal is carried from its natural condition, the more danger there is of disease. It is not natural for a cow to be milked up to the time she drops her calf, therefore to do so injures the other qualities of the cow, and increases the risk of disease. It is very generally conceded that a cow should not be milked for several weeks before she comes in; the number of weeks depending somewhat on the conditions and peculiarities of the cow.—[ED.

SEEDING DOWN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a piece of land that I intend to seed down this spring. Will you be kind enough to let me know through the *Ploughman* how much of the different grass seeds you would advise me to use, Herds grass, Rsp Top, or Clover? By answering the above question, you will greatly oblige a constant reader of the *Ploughman*.

I remain, yours respectfully,
W. R. F.

Sturbridge, Mass., Feb. 28, 1883.

As the character and condition of the soil changes results so much, those who make enquiries should always state whether soil be wet or dry, rich or poor, and also whether clean culture has been followed or not.

As a rule, it is not best to seed land down to grass in the spring, but if it be cold, moist land it can usually be done successfully. On light, dry land it is very difficult to get a good catch unless the seed be sown very early in the spring. Unless the land is moist better plant some crop that will be ready to gather the last of August, and then seed down to grass, the result will be much more satisfactory.

Where only Red Top, Herdsgrass and Clover is to be sown, three pecks of Red Top, 12 lbs of Herdsgrass, and the same amount of Clover will not be too much on an acre, even if the land is in good condition to germinate the seed. It is so important to have grass thick enough to crowd out weeds, that farmers should endeavor to sow seed enough to cover every square in of soil with a growing stalk of some kind of grass. It is also best to have more than three varieties on most of soils, but the particular varieties to be grown depend so much on the soil that no general rules can be laid down.—[ED.

☞ Buckwheat is useful as a change in the diet of hens. It must be fed in moderate quantities, and it has a tendency to fatten and also toward egg production.

— It is a mistake to suppose sheep can go a great while without water. They drink little at a time it is true, but on that account they require it the oftener.

THE "PROTECTIVE TARIFF."

ITS RELATION TO AGRICULTURE.

BY JOSEPH STORY FAY.

Special Address before the Mass. State Board of Agriculture,

At their Annual Meeting, held in Boston, Feb. 6, 7, 8 *and* 9, 1883.

Gentlemen of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts,—As delegate from the Barnstable Agricultural Society, I thank you for the honor you have done me in appointing me to address you on the value of a protective Tariff to the Farmer. I approach the subject with some diffidence as to my power of treating it to the best advantage, but not with the least doubt as to the soundness of the negative position that I shall take, and I ask your indulgent attention. I do not propose to detain you with an elaborate essay. I shall only submit to you a few facts and considerations that the busiest may have time to think about, and those the least familiar with the subject can understand.

We know that all articles raised by the farmer, or coming from the soil, have a ready sale for *cash*, and that the producer can at once realize the results of his labor. There are manifold uncertainties in his business, but after all the vicissitudes, beyond those of any other worker in any branch of business in these United States, such as the changes of weather, wet or dry, cold or hot, wind or storm, and worse of blight, the tiller of the soil knows that what he secures will bring him its value in money. His profits, however, even in the best of seasons, and with the largest of crops, are not so great that it is not desirable that what he receives, may avail him to the utmost. The effect of taxation upon him therefore, is important, first as it may affect the cost of what he has raised, and second in making the proceeds go as far as possible in supplying his wants, or adding to his stock, savings and capital. As things are at present, the fact is, that though he sells for *cash*, he has to *rebate to somebody*, at least 30 if not 40 or 50 per cent of what he receives.

I will now proceed to give you a few figures, from a pamphlet issued by the national bureau of statistics, at Washington, that the value of imports of foreign goods last year at their cost abroad, amounted to 716 millions of dollars, of which the value of 211 millions was of free goods, leaving a value of 505 millions, on which duties were paid to the amount of 216 millions dollars, an average of 42 8 per cent. Think of adding this amount to the foreign cost, besides freight and other charges!

The exports of merchandize during this period were valued at 733 millions of dollars, of which the value of 552 millions were the products of agriculture, or 75 per cent. of the whole. Of the remainder, consisting of a little over one-eighth, or 103 millions worth were manufactures, or less than two per cent, of the total manufacturing products of the country for 1880. And to make up this sum, manufactures of wood, meaning lumber, to the value of 19 millions, of tobacco, spirits, spirits of turpentine, sugar and molasses and many such articles have to be included. Now if the duties on the total 716 millions of imports, free and dutiable, are 216 millions, or an average of 30 per cent. on all, dutiable or free, what can the country have to pay those 216 millions into the public Treasury, in addition to the 733 millions value of our *chandise* sent abroad, and does not most this vast sum come out of the pockets of the consumers, by the increased price of everything they have to buy? And does not the chief burden fall upon Agriculture, the most important interest of the nation, and upon Agriculturists, who are the largest class, whose products and labor have terrible bulk of these figures?

In the old days of nullification, when there was much strife and much intelligent discussion upon the effect of foreign imposts, when laid for protection, Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, maintained the theory, the duties at that time being on the average 40 per cent. upon goods imported, that whether he sent 100 bales of cotton there, to be sold, ordering the returns in goods, when they arrived he had to give the United States Government 40 bales more to pay the duty on the clothes, shoes and blankets, in which he had ordered the proceeds of the 100 bales to be invested, thus making the 100 bales worth of goods cost him 140 bales of cotton. And this was no fallacy. It was true then, and it is true to-day. If I send 100 barrels of apples from Barnstable, or any where, or 100 barrels apples from your upland farm to England, and bring back dutiable goods in exchange, we must have the proceeds of 43 barrels more apples, to pay the duties at the Government for the duties on the goods. Even if we ordered the an ount in trees, or plants, or seeds of English growth, we must pay 30 per cent., or would be 20 barrels on a hundred, and does this protect us?

The total amount of value of seeds imported last year was $1,465,180 18, paying duties $281,038 84. There is not only no protection to us in this, but actually a barrier in the way of our obtaining those seeds-needed largely into the country, only to increase the surplus in the public Treasury at our expense, to be squandered at Washington. If it be said that you and I will bring home gold for our apples or cranberries, we cannot buy at home what we need. Twenty-two years ago a sweeping Tariff and Excise Law were enacted as a war measure to sustain the credit of the country, and to meet the expenses of the contest for the Union, taxing almost everything to the utmost and thus neutralising in many cases, the effect of the very protection desired, but putting an immense burthen upon all. With all its crudities and inconsistencies and fact is that Tariff has never been materially changed. Indeed some classes of manufacturers are clamoring for an increase, while some have actuality ob ained it, that these "infant" productions may make more millionaires; as for example, the only manufacturer of large plate glass such as we see in shop windows, demand a protection of 121 per cent., and he lives in Indiana, beyond the Alleghany mountains. This duty prohibits those who use it from getting supplies from abroad, where it is much cheaper.

You were willing to sustain the burthen of war, in whatever shape it came, but does not the peace of seventeen years' standing call for a relaxation, when at the present rates of revenue there will be no public debt in twenty years, and nothing on which to base the security of the National Banking system, by which you have a sound paper currency? What country has a better credit than ours, and can it be made better by unreasonable and grinding taxation, enriching the few at the expense of the many?

See, too, the temptations, with the overflowing Treasury, to corrupt schemes, useless expenditures, and extravagant constructions, if not to fraud and stealing! And what protection does the farmer get? You and I know very well that as long as we have more than can be consumed at home, and have to seek a foreign market for our surplus, no farm productions can be imported to compete with us, hence even with the low rates of duty on cereals and the like (over 20 per cent.) none can ever come in, except from an entire failure of crops with us, and a famine abroad to succeed. And if foreign products must be had to take our hundreds of millions worth of produce, and if we must take such prices as they can afford to give us, ought we not to have the privilege of buying, with the proceeds of what we ship, the cheap goods which they have to sell, rather than be forced by almost, or quite, prohibitory duties to buy of our own protected manufacturers at nearly double prices? If we could take more of their goods in return, and get them home, with a moderate revenue duty, would not foreign nations be able to buy more largely of us, and at better prices? Would they not be better customers to us, if we did not exclude their products, and if they could sell us more, without having to pay us in hard cash, for what they are *obliged* to take from us? In 1881 the had to pay us in gold. a balance of 91 millions of dollars, seriously disturbing the finances of Europe.

And now to make some specific points upon protection, let us look at the article of salt, on which a duty of about 4 cents a bushel or 46 per cent. is levied, and for what? To protect those who own the salt wells of Western New York, Michigan and Virginia. Do you ever buy foreign salt? Not I. We must use the home article, because the Western is too dear, and must pay also heavy transportation charges. Theirs is a monopoly which they could not sustain as much, and only as much, as they can sell at protected prices, and should they have a surplus, send it to Canada, and take what they could get. Is it not time for the entire abolition of us or to those who at the West are obliged to have it for packing purposes. It is the principle on which the Dutch protect their fisheries, and a surplus is nominee to keep up prices. There are other things worked in the same way, and notably among them are the copper products of the Lake Superior. The mining companies sell the copper they can at about 18c a pound to the consumers in this country, and the surplus that cannot be used here is sold to go abroad, or sent there to a market where it is worth at the outside 15½c for the best. Last year the exports of copper, out of a pro fuct of 27,273 tons, supplied to the general consumption a payment of dollars, were 3,340,531 lbs at a home value of 17¾c a pound, amounting to $595,295, and the imports were 744,866 lbs, costing abroad 12 4-5c a pound, and amounting in value to $90,945, which paid a duty of 5 cents a pound. This is about the loss that the copper miner makes on what he raises and you all be sure that he gets 18 cents a pound, and it shows plainly that a protective tariff gives him a monopoly, and forces the people to pay him more than they could get beyond the period when it was needed.

With our vast heritage of free lands, and a virgin soil, I feel that it had been better for us to have trusted to our own unaided efforts and our natural progress, rather than to have fostered special industries, and to have built up privileged classes, an aristocracy of wealth, as objectionable as an aristocracy of land.

The facts satisfy me that I was mistaken, and that the freest commerce possible with the nations of the world, would have given us, in the long run, the largest benefits of a people. We do not ask for a tariff or Chinese wall of prohibition between the other thirty-seven States of the Union and ourselves, but much to the credit of the commercial intercourse which we have with them, would have applied equally and would have worked as well with foreign countries. We should be *laughed at* if we were to ask Congress to protect us against Western grain, pork, butter, apples and the like, but we know well that they are brought to the doors of our manufacturing neighbors and that they will pay no more for our products than for them.

We even know that Western produce goes to depress the value of what we raise. In spite of this, however, let our aim be to extend our markets, while we lighten the burdens of taxation and thus cheapen the cost of our living and of production. Let us approach the subject, not in the spirit of partisanship or sectionalism, but as patriots and intelligent thinking men.

Let us try to cast aside prejudice and inherited notions, and look at the things around us by the light of facts, and broaden our views, and endeavor to bring it about that there shall be no favored classes, but that we shall all stand on the broad platform of equal rights, equal burthens, equal privileges.

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While the manufacturers, furnace men, iron and machine makers and miners are protected against the well-paid artisans and skilled laborers of England, France and Germany, whose wages have been shown to be as high as those in this country, the *agriculturist* had to compete with the lowest grade of labor on earth, and without the privilege of reciprocity! If it be said that you have a better home market for what you raise, on the other hand it must be admitted that a very large amount of your surplus productions, amounting to 552 millions of dollars last year, and in 1881 to 730 millions, would have been lost entirely but for the foreign market. You do not dispose of all you can at high prices, as do the salt makers and copper miners, and sell the surplus only at a sacrifice. It is one price for all. Is it not due, then, to this immense interest that some attention should be given to build up and improve this foreign market, rather than to spend all legislative effort raising higher barriers to keep our produce at home.

The protective system has not worked so well that you find a home market for all that is raised, and the market you have to seek abroad is not replaced or made needless by the one it is attempted to build up at home. The last census shows that there were employed in the manufacturing establishments of the United States 2,-738,695 men, women and children, or a little over 5 per cent. of the whole population, and the profits earned upon the products of their labor by the manufacturers, in the year 1880, were $1,024,801,847, or over one thousand millions of dollars. If these are "infant manufactures," the profits are surely not infantile.

It is well then to look at these things squarely and fairly, and ask how much good does the *farmer* derive from the enormous import trade of 216 millions of dollars paid last year? For it must be borne in mind that if by this tax the price of foreign goods imported is raised from 30 to 60 per cent., the domestic article is not sold any cheaper for the same quality. As a rule the selling price of home manufacturers is fixed at little, if any, below that of the foreign importer offers to sell you his duty-paid goods. I could go on almost endlessly to illustrate the workings of a system that, in many cases, is like the tax on mortgages, a double extortion, but this is not the time nor the place to exhaust the subject.

What I have said may open a fresh line of thought to you, and raise many important questions in your minds. Perhaps none will be more pertinent than to ask, such being the state of things, what have our Senators and representatives in Congress been about, that these abuses have now gone on these many years, without protest or remonstrance on their part, even with apologies and defence? They may think only of the wealthy iron companies, the machine makers, the cotton and woollen manufacturers, the capital in mines, in banks, and in land-grant railroads, but not of you. Perhaps they do not know enough, per haps they owe their election to the fact that they rally their work people to the polls, on the cry that the protection to their business is in danger, and that the wages of their operatives are threatened, and that the mills must shut down. Any sacrifices to the farmers demand, and the demand be yielded to, that economy and simplicity shall be the rule of the government, as it is in their own households, and a lighter weight of duties and taxes be imposed upon them?

Suppose our iron and machine makers, miners, manufacturers and railroad men should grow rich less rapidly than in the last twenty years, would it be any *evil*? Would not a return to simple, republican, purer and calmer ways, with less feverish excitement, less of luxury and show, be a public and national advantage? I may be told that Congress is now at work in this direction.

I hope it may be so, but there are those who know better than I, who say it is a sham and a delusion, that they are not honest and sincere, or in earnest, that they are only doing as in duty "that keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope." If so, they are playing a very dangerous game.

It is commonly said, and with much truth, that we inherit our opinions on religion, politics and finance. I confess that I inherited or imbibed early a conviction that protection was needless to our progress and prosperity as a nation. Experience and observation have satisfied me that it was a mistake, or if it was correct, that we have got beyond the period when it was needed.

Why should this tremendous sum be exacted annually from the hard working people of this country? Woo grow rich by it? Look around you and you will see that you are not the *farmer*. You may not feel any particular pinch, it operates so insidiously, this indirect mode of taxation, but *do you grow rich*? Do you ever make a good living out of it? Those who gather the spoils will appear, if you look at the large dividends of the various classes of manufacturers and machinists and iron and machine makers and miners, and while only 5¼ per cent. of our population is engaged in these pursuits, look at their profits. Look at their accumulations in the form of "plant" or investment, constantly adding mill to mill, shop to shop, furnace to furnace, rolling mill to rolling mill, out of their profits, besides the regular dividends. Look at the large establishments built by this State, by the accumulations acquired by protection, which gives to certain classes practical control over the large assured profits. Look at the large mills and factories all over this great Commonweal

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

Official Memorial Meeting.—His Excellency Governor Butler has summoned a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College at the State House, for Monday the 12th inst., at noon, to pay appropriate official respect to the memory and services of the late President Chadbourne, and to place on the record of the Board such a testimonial expression of its appreciation of his life and character, and of his association with the Trustees in administering the affairs and shaping the career of the College, as may appropriately accompany the general sorrow for the loss of his invaluable services as its President. The occasion cannot fail to be one of exceptional interest and significance, and the affairs of the College will naturally come in for careful and thorough consideration. The highly important question of a successor to the late President Chadbourne may be expected to call forth an expression of individual views in reference to a candidate for the vacant position, which, if not at once harmonized by giving them any common direction, will nevertheless go a great ways toward reaching the final selection upon the sagacity and directness of which the future of the College will largely depend.

The whiskey manufacturers were left entirely in the lurch by Congress. They got neither relief nor the promise of relief.

The President of the State Senate of Georgia, James S. Boynton, has been sworn into office as the constitutional successor of Gov. Alexander H. Stephens, deceased.

Great excitement prevails in Calcutta, India, on account of the proposed law giving native magistrates criminal jurisdiction over the white population in certain cases.

The Boston board of aldermen have passed a resolution, addressed to the Mayor, informing him that it is his duty to remove the present members of the Water Board.

The annual March meetings were held in the different Massachusetts towns on Monday last, the turning point in most cases being the question of licensing the sale of liquor

United States Treasurer Gilfillan has resigned his office, his retirement to occur on the 1st of April. He has been Treasurer for six years, and worked his way up to that position from a $1000 clerkship.

Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Postmaster General Fawcett had been seen for some time in the English House of Commons, and their reappearance in that body elicited most hearty applause from the members of all parties.

Col. Needham, having partially recovered from his recent illness, started for the South on Tuesday, making Washington his first stopping place. He was accompanied by Mrs. Needham and Mr. George Noyes of the Ploughman.

White ants are complained of as new invaders of the State House, threatening the destruction of the State records. The white ant is an insidious but well organized little foe, and will work mischief in his own way, giving no reasons for its method.

The chief engineer of the city of Boston recommends the building of bridges between the public schoolhouses and the buildings adjoining wherever it is practicable, in order to have a ready mode of escape from a burning building in which the staircases are on fire and impassable.

The postponement of the trade treaty with Mexico until the next Congress occasions wide disappointment and regret. Nevertheless a foreign trade treaty system has been fairly inaugurated by the ratification by the Senate of a treaty with Corea and one with Madagascar.

Mr. Parnell having made an inquiry in the British House of Commons relative to the starving condition of the people in Ireland, Mr. Trevelyan, chief secretary for Ireland, denied that there existed any such distress as was mentioned in Mr. Parnell's question.

The estate of the late William F. Weld, formerly of Boston, has been adjudicated by a Philadelphia court at a little over fifteen and one-half million dollars. The account of the executors was contained on two remarkably small sheets of paper, with the above modest conclusion.

Frank Byrne, who was arrested in Paris at the instance of the British government as one of the Dublin conspirators, proposes to resist to the full strength of French law the extradition asked for by the former. Meetings have been held in Paris to protest against the arrest and extradition.

According to a decision of the United States Circuit Court in Indiana, "Municipal corporations have no general power to issue commercial paper," and consequently, negotiable town and city bonds are taken by the purchaser at his own risk, unless they are authorized to be issued by a State legislature.

At the Wagner memorial services in London on Monday, Moncure D. Conway said there were periods in the history of the world when a new order of men came forth. This was shown in the era whereof Carlyle was the prophet, Emerson the interpreter, Darwin the first fruit in science, and Wagner in art.

Prime Minister Ferry of France declines to present to the Senate a proposal for the revision of the constitution. He said the government would energetically bring the matter before the chambers when it was believed that a revision was possible. The present moment he considered inopportune. The people would withdraw their support from the republic if they saw it meant instability and agitation.

The British Minister, Mr. West, has been interviewed in New York relative to the Sheridan arrest and extradition, and says: There is nothing will be done in the matter until the arrival of the depositions containing the evidence from England, when, after due examination, the United States Commissioner will decide whether the evidence against Mr. Sheridan is sufficiently strong to justify his committal. The charge in the case is, that P. J. Sheridan was an active inciter to crime in Ireland.

THE QUESTION OF SURPLUS AND REDUCTION.

The effect of the revenue and appropriation bills passed by the late Congress is being calculated with great interest in commercial and financial circles, and awaited with considerable doubt by business men generally. The reduction in appropriations is, on the face of it, something astonishing. It foots up eighty-six million dollars. The leading items are—twenty-three millions in deficiency appropriations, nineteen millions in river and harbor appropriations, thirteen millions in pensions, and nine millions in miscellaneous appropriations. So that, if the expenditures come anywhere near the appropriations, the reduction being estimated at fifty millions, the surplus in the Treasury, allowing for no change in the tariff and internal revenue laws, would by estimate amount to the enormous sum of two hundred and fifteen million dollars.

But the reduction of the revenue by the new tariff law is computed to be about seventy millions—some put it no higher than forty millions. It will without doubt range between these limits. It would be the highest figure as importations and productions run at the present time; but with the natural stimulus which lower taxes will inevitably impart to production, and consequently to importation, the lower figures are but the result of estimating highly the stimulus which the new law will impart to trade. Productions that bear a tax, it is believed, will be increased by a percentage fully equal to that of the diminution of the tax itself. Assuming the higher limit, however,—seventy millions, and reckoning in the reduction in expenditures also, it is perfectly safe to conclude that the entire reduction will be seventy millions or more; which deducted from the two hundred and fifteen millions of total revenues before estimated, leaves still a surplus in the Treasury of one hundred and forty-five millions.

This would leave matters about where they are now. The only relief that will be appreciable to the people will consist in the fact that less money, by say seventy millions, is taken from their pockets in the shape of taxes. That will be actual and real. But, as an analyzing contemporary observes, the Treasury will experience no sensible relief from its present plethora. There will be the same enormous surplus to embarrass it, and to tempt political corruption in its nameless and numberless forms.

ENGLISH FARMING.

An intelligent writer in an able contemporary, speaking of the present conditions of agriculture in England, says that under the most favorable circumstances known in that country it contains a population of twelve million more than it can feed. He says that, without the grain of the Black Sea ports and the overflow from America, these people would starve. The agricultural problem in England, he says, is admitted on all sides to be in a hopeless condition. No country is safe, in his view, that cannot, within its own resources, sustain its people. Formerly, a people in such an emergency migrated bodily, killed off a neighboring people, and took charge of their effects, or settled down on some unoccupied territory; but the economy of the earth and of mankind no longer admits of the remedy. His conclusion is, that England is really in a bad way.

In exact corroboration of his statements and inferences the London Times, devoting an article to this highly important subject, remarks that nobody would wish English agriculturists to dismiss from their thoughts the very serious question, whether they are likely to compete successfully with their American, colonial, and foreign rivals. It tells them they had better give their whole mind to the question, and then abide by the answer. If they think they can compete, then it advises them to stay at home by all means. It disavows any wish to drive or reduce into exile those who can get on where they are; but when it is told by English farmers themselves that, with the occupation and even the possession of many hundred acres, they are on the verge of bankruptcy, and see no escape, it says it can only advise them to try a freer state of society, a more genial soil, and a more equal sun.

The Times admits the certainty that there are more openings in the colonies or in America than there are at home; and not to believe all that has been told, it is obliged to allow that land out there is plenty and good, bare sustenance is easy, there are fewer temptations, there are the charms of wild nature, and there is not the shame that at home attends all condescensions below the rule of class. And it proceeds to ask with unusual pointedness, "why should they load themselves with the accumulated burdens and difficulties of an old world, a worn out soil, and a social system heavily charged with the cost of pauperism, crime, war, and carriers of debt?" The rising generation of agriculturists, it adds, have abundant opportunity of answering for themselves whether they shall stay at home and face evils which their fathers assure them are growing upon them, or transfer themselves, in a few days and for a few pounds, to regions where there is no accumulation or inheritance of man-made difficulties.

It declares, finally, that it looks with dismay to the chance of an entire class of helpless, moneyless, and witless agriculturists appealing to the legislature to set them going again and secure them from a repetition of their present resources. It feels sure that they never will get what they ask for, and, in fact, that the legislature will never be able to give it.

THE FRENCH MINISTRIES.

No modern cabinets have such facilities for going to pieces as those of France, almost any pretext sufficing to put them in a state of dissolution. The members of these ministries appear to regard their places as not much more than playthings, to be taken up and thrown away again on the slightest causes. If either branch—the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate—passes a measure or records a vote that chances to be unpalatable to one of the ministers, that is all the notice he wants to receive that he can throw up his commission and retire. Just now, the question of allowing the Orleans princes to remain in France is the chief disturbing one, and it is a very difficult one to settle. Only a little while ago, the ministry which has just resigned agreed to the bill in the Chamber which prohibits the Orleans princes from holding office under the government, which gives the President power to send them beyond the limits of the country, and which visits them with punishment in case of their disobedience. But now the Senate proposes to go no further than to arraign the princes for treasonable conduct alone, and to put them on trial for it, and the very same ministry resigns in consequence. It reads like child's play and nothing more.

Address of Joseph Story Fay.—It is unnecessary to ask the readers of the current issue of the *Ploughman* to give the address of this gentleman before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which is published elsewhere, an attentive and thoughtful perusal. The subject itself will secure that much from all readers. "The Relation of Farmers to the Protective Tariff" interests the whole agricultural community, on its profit much more than its party side. The protracted discussion of the tariff question in Congress and before the country will have served to excite public attention on this subject to an extraordinary degree, so that the result finally reached by Congress will be much more intelligently comprehended in the light of the views which are so clearly and impressively presented by Mr. Fay. While he holds that the agriculturist is no gainer, but a loser rather, by protective duties, and proceeds to demonstrate it at such length as his limits allow, he is still sufficiently conservative to refuse to engage in any war of extirpation of interests already rooted and established by the existing tariff, but would proceed prudently with any reforms, though they were to eliminate in the complex revolution of our tariff system. In this he will not fail to challenge the confidence even of those who differ from him, in that he will not be regarded by them as a doctrinaire or one to whom fact is always of more value than the most approved theory.

It will be apt to surprise the larger proportion of the agricultural community, to be told that seventy-five per cent. of all the exports of the country last year were agricultural; and that their returns in foreign goods paid a tax of two hundred and sixteen million; while the surplus revenue from all sources, applied to the payment of the public debt, over and above extravagant expenditure, was one hundred and forty-five millions. In the collection and distribution of such vast sums, whoever else grows rich, Mr. Fay says the farmer does not. Only five and one half per cent of our population is engaged in manufacturing, making machines and implements, and mining; but their profits are enormous, in any comparative view of the case. Mills and factories, says Mr. Fay, are growing all over the State, are being continually added to another. While farms are dwindling and diminishing in value, and young people are leaving the farm for the lighter work and larger emoluments of protected industry. He shows that the farmer is without protection, even in the matter of seeds; that what the farmer has to pay for the commodities which the sale of his crops enables him to buy, is increased in amount by the amount of taxes, called duties, which are imposed on them; and that he buys a great deal less for his money at home than he could buy abroad, the cost being increased by the duty, which averages nearly forty three per cent. All this is worth the most serious consideration by the farmers of the country.

The days of brown-stone fronts, in buildings, are gone by. One competent architect says they are no better than so much gingerbread. The stone absorbs water, which freezing drives out again and thus causes disruption. It may be seen everywhere flaking away. When built with at all, it must be according to the original plans of construction. Water glass, used in painting it, is the only partial protection.

THE LAST HOURS OF CONGRESS.

The tariff was sadly confused, if not positively bungled, in the final committee manipulations to which it was subjected, but the conference committee, which had been broken up and reconstructed, at last reached a complete agreement, and their report was ordered printed for presentation to both Houses.

The River and Harbor bill, in the Senate, was referred to the committee on commerce, and Messrs. Edmunds and Hoar announced their purpose to oppose its passage. Mr. Hoar, in justification of his refusal to vote for the bill, said that the time left in the session was insufficient for its proper examination.

The special government counsel in the star route case were charged with having been extravagantly compensated. The Department of Justice was accused of robbing the people by allowing such large amounts. This last charge caused an excited and not very proper exhibition of language.

A number of nominations sent in by the President were confirmed, including several of those for New York.

Two measures of peculiar interest that were lost in the haste of the time were the proposed constitutional amendment authorizing the President to veto parts of appropriation bill's while approving the remainder, and the bill to give the Southern Pacific and several other railroads authority to consolidate, so as to form a continuous line from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico.

The increased pension bill was passed, having already passed the Senate. It gives soldiers and sailors, who have lost a leg or an arm, additional monthly pay.

The appropriation bills were all passed. The The Senate assented to the tariff bill as it came from the committee, though it was not satisfactory, nor was it really understood by all the members.

In the House, it was an all night session, as it was in the Senate also, both branches taking short recesses. At five o'clock on Sunday morning, the whiskey bill was killed by the determined statement of a Kentucky member that no whiskey measure, with his consent, should be considered on Sunday. A recess was taken until half past nine o'clock.

The final scenes were largely those of horse play, amid which there was a free use of language that is not classed with the upper strata. A vote of thanks was proposed to the Speaker and passed, over one hundred members declining to vote. The Speaker returned thanks, and declared the House adjourned. The Senate adjourned at the same hour—noon

AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The defeat of the municipal woman suffrage bill in the House has caused a more or less excited public comment for a week, some persons arguing and insisting that the cause has not been retarded, but advanced rather, by the result of the ballot taken. At the same time, it is not to be disputed that the defeat of the measure occasioned positive, if not wide, disappointment. A movement is said to have been projected to procure, by some concerted action, a full expression of opinion throughout the State.

In the House, an order was introduced, which contemplates asking of the Supreme Court its opinion on the validity of the Governor's veto of the bill to incorporate the Union Safe Deposit Vaults. The Senate judiciary committee will likewise formulate questions to settle the constitutionality of the poll-tax laws in connection with voting.

Some of the lawyers in the Legislature say that the reconsideration of the vote by which the biennial amendment of the Constitution was adopted, has no force whatever; they hold that the Constitution distinctly specifies the form for adopting an amendment, and that this form was followed; that the required two-thirds majority voted for the resolve, and that a reconsideration is as much out of place as would be a reconsideration of Senator Hoar's reelection; that the matter went beyond the control of the Legislature upon the completion of the vote, and that a bare majority cannot reconsider the action of two-thirds of the members.

The House struck book-keeping from the list of high-school studies, and voted to have it taught in grades of schools below high schools.

The bill to prevent the employment of children under twelve years in manufacturing establishments at any time of the year, was returned to the committee.

The House sent to the judiciary committee the order contemplating a request of the Supreme Court for an opinion on the validity of the Governor's veto message.

The proposition to repeal certain restrictive features of the license law was denied by the House.

A bill was reported to provide for the extension of the line of the Massachusetts Central Railroad, and for the reorganization of the company, if it should so desire.

Farmers' Institute at Marshfield.—A Farmers' Institute was held on Wednesday, Feb. 28th, in Agricultural Hall, Marshfield, at which George M. Baker presided. John H. Bourne of Marshfield delivered the opening address on "Cattle Husbandry," which abounded with ideas of a practical character. Among other things, he thought that if a farmer had but just enough hay to carry a single cow, he would do better to sell a quarter of his hay and buy grain, if he could not procure it in any other way. He said he solled his cows a part of the year, and successfully so far as results go. A cow, he believed, should have a rest of two months or more before she come in. Mr. E. F. Bowditch of Framingham, after the noon collation, made a talk to the Institute on Butter and Butter Making in particular, and the Dairy in general. His address was colloquial in style, and proved to be extremely engaging and instructive. He keeps his seat, and solicits the assembly to put inquiries freely to him. The questions came from all quarters, which he answered with a promptness and intelligence that gave universal satisfaction. A vote of thanks was tendered him by the Institute. The meeting was a successful one in every feature and in its general result.

Farmers ask Protection to Birds.—At a meeting of Massachusetts Grange, Number 38, held in this city Saturday, March 3, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we respectfully ask the Legislature of Massachusetts not to pass the act before them authorizing any city or cities or selectmen of towns to give permits to boys and others, who claim to be making collections, to shoot or destroy our insect eating birds.

☞ *The Popular Sciences Monthly* for March presents the following list of papers:—The Growth and Effect of Railway Consolidation; Queer Phases of Animal Life; Natural Religion Part II; Vivisection and Practical Medicine; Evolution of the Camp Meeting; Sewage at the Sea-Side; Ice and Fog in the North Atlantic; Remedial Value of the Climate of Florida; A South African Arcadia; Piratical Publishers; A Chapter in Transcendental Pathology; The Pedigree of Wheat; A Few Words about Eatables; Sketch of Sir C. Wyville Thomson, with portrait; Editorial Department. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ We are indebted to President G. M. Baker for an early copy of the Transactions of the Marshfield Agricultural and Horticultural Society for 1882, which makes most interesting reading in places outside of Marshfield.

☞ The Record of Proceedings of the *Tenth Annual Session* of the Massachusetts State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, held at Pittsfield, Mass., December 19th and 20th, 1882, is issued in convenient form and very acceptable style from the office of the Sun Printing Company, Pittsfield, Mass.

☞ The Annual Report of the *Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station for* 1882 is printed by order of the Connecticut Legislature. It bristles with information and suggestions for the agricultural theorist and the practical farmer.

☞ The March number of the *North American Review* will contain, among other articles of striking interest, "Money in Elections," by Henry George; "Railway Influence in the Land Office," by George W. Julian; the "Subjugation of the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor; and "Gladstone," by Moncure D. Conway.

☞ Gregory's Annual Illustrated Retail Catalogue of Warranted Seeds, Vegetable, Flower, Grain, sown and sold by James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass., is issued for 1883, for free distribution. It is in quarto form, and is very attractive as well as reliable.

The Swedish explorer, Baron Nordenskjold, has notified the Dutch minister at Stockholm of his intention to claim the reward of twenty-five thousand guilders which was offered in 1596 by the Dutch government to the discoverer of the northeast passage.

☞ All classes of chronic diseases are being successfully treated by Compound Oxygen. Send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa., for their Treatise on this new and remarkable curative agent. It will be *mailed free.*

Essex Agricultural Society.—There will be a Farmers' Institute held at Plummer Hall, Salem, Tuesday, March 13, 1883, at 9.30 o'clock, A. M. The subject in the forenoon will be, "The Agriculture of Massachusetts," by John E. Russell, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture. In the afternoon, "Fertilizers—Especially Nitrogen and its Sources," by Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill. All persons interested are invited to be present and take part in the discussions. Ladies are especially invited to attend. The Eastern and Boston & Maine are expected to furnish free return tickets. Those coming from the north part of the county by the B. & M. will connect at Danvers with the Eastern.

Mass. Horticultural Society.—The subject for discussion on Saturday, March 10, will be, "Hybrid Perpetual Roses." (John B. Moore.)

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE.—The F. D. Osgood Furniture Company, 888 Washington and 51 Court Street, Boston, offer extraordinary inducements to buyers of furniture just at this time. The prices they advertise are a genuine markdown, with a real intent of closing out and retiring from the business. They have a stock of over $80,000 in value embracing every variety of furniture, stoves, ranges, carpets, paper hangings and decorations, and it is worth any one's while to take a little trouble to inspect this stock as the bargains which may be secured will pay ten fold.

—A portrait of Columbus, taken at the age of twenty-three, hangs in the New York Senate chamber at Albany, and is the oldest portrait of him in the United States.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

—The British government has prepared a bill to reorganize the constabulary, and make the machinery for the detection of crime more effective.

VITAL STATISTICS.

It is shown by the report of Health Boards, and other authorized bodies, that diseases of the kidneys and bladder are largely on the increase; a sad fact, due perhaps to the foolish habit of drinking lager beer and other liquors, without knowing what they are made of. Is there a remedy? Decidedly yes. *First.* Stop drinking. *Second.* Use Hunt's Remedy—a prompt and unfailing specific for kidney, bladder, liver, and urinary complaints. Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine is endorsed by eminent physicians.

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A LADY WANTS TO KNOW

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—The kindness of the late Richard Wagner to animals forms the subject of many an anecdote.

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SCROFULOUS HUMORS.—The VEGETINE has cured many cases of Scrofula of five, ten and twenty years standing, even when the patient has had many physicians, tried many of the known remedies; and, after trying the VEGETINE, the common remark is, "It acts differently, works differently, from any medicine I have ever taken." VEGETINE will cleanse scrofula from the system. Try it.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 3d, by Rev. O. T. Walker, Charles F. Brown of Stoneham, Mass., to Martha E. Evans of Boston.

In this city, March 3d, by Rev. O. T. Walker, William D. Willoughby to Annie Sears, both of Nashua, N. H.

In Nashua, March 1st, by Rev. Frederick Alvord, Edwin Baldwin of Boston to Bessie B. Prichard of Bradford, Vt.

In Charlestown, March 1st, by Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D., Frank E. Anderson to Miss Ella F. Gerry.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 5th, Clark Gifford, 60 years 8 months.

In Somerville, March 5th, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the late Daniel G. Ames, 86 years 1 month.

In Canton, William Blackmar, 75 years.

In Dorchester, March 4th, Sophronia, wife of William Clark, 74 years 2 months 4 days.

In Cambridge, March 6th, Mrs. Abigail Howe, formerly of Petersham, Mass., 85 years 7 months 5 days.

In Worcester, March 6th, George F. Mears, Esq., of Essex, 28 years 8 months 20 days.

In Chelsea, March 6th, Samuel Pratt, 83 years 6 months.

In West Berlin, Mass., Feb. 26th, Mrs. Olive B. Spofford.

In Brookline, March 8th, Hepsibah Newhall, formerly of Lynn, Mass., 73 years.

In Arlington, Mass., March 4th, Sally S. Stowe, wife of Franklin Litchfield, 60 years 4 months 4 days.

In Wakefield, Mass., March 5th, Mr. Asa N. Brewster, in the 74th year of his age.

In Newton Upper Falls, March 4th, Mrs. A. H. Randall, 75 years 10 months.

In Manchester by-the Sea, March 6th, Mrs. Eliza F., wife of Charles Lee, 61 years 5 months.

In Malden, March 3d, Morton Clausen, formerly of Bunker Hill District, 63 years 11 months 17 days.

In Roxbury, Feb. 17th, Elizabeth Holmes, 77 yrs.

In Canton, Mass., Feb. 19th, Albert M. Chase, 76 years.

In North Vassalboro', Me., Feb. 11th, Miss Sarah L. Potter, 69 years.

In Topsfield, Feb. 17th, Israel Rea, 80 years.

☞ That mowing and pasture lands can be greatly benefited by an application of Bradley's Phosphate in the early spring is the universal testimony of all who have tried the experiment. We quote the following, from H. W. Pickering, of Bellingham, Mass.:

"I have used Bradley's Phosphate for seven or eight years and have used it in competition with several other kinds, but none of the others have given me as good crops as Bradley's. In April I top-dressed with it a piece of land on which I had sowed oats and grass seed. I cut a good crop of oats, and later a large crop of grass, and then had good pasture for my cows later in the season.

I usually raise from 400 to 600 bushels of beets each year, and I think Bradley's Phosphate is the best fertilizer for that crop that I know of. *It has never disappointed me on any crop*, which is more than I can say for any other fertilizer that I have used."

We advise every farmer who has not seen the Bradley Fertilizer Company's pamphlet for 1883, to send for one at once to their nearest local agent, or to the office of the company, 37 Kilby Street, Boston. It contains many facts of importance and interest to all engaged in farming.

—It is said that to-day Boston undoubtedly owns more than twenty millions of Union Pacific Railroad stock, which is one-third of the entire capital outstanding

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. They are pronounced superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. For relieving Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases they have been *proved* reliable.

—The royal ladies of the several European courts have decided and variant tastes in the matter of furs for personal wear and adornment.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dc3-y

—Moncure D. Conway speaks of Carlyle as the prophet, Emerson as the interpreter, Darwin the first fruit in science, and Wagner in Art.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists. mch11-y

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Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING March 10.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Sheats	Fat Hogs.	Veals.
This week.	2113	8,109	28	12,763	461
Last week.	3740	14,314	90	15,337	476
One yr ago.	3622	9,904	138	14,070	485

Horses..... 273

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs, on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $6 75@7 25; first quality, $7 00@6 25; second quality, $6 25@6 75; third quality, $5 25@6 00; a few choice single pairs, @ ; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 50@5 00.

Working Oxen.—$100@200 @ ; handy steers, $67@125 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $20@35; extra, $40@45; furrow and dry, $18@33.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $12 00@20 00; two-year olds, $18@25; three-years old, $24@36.

Sheared sheep—Per lb, live, 3½@4c; extra 4½@5c. Sheep and Lambs per head, in lots, $2 50@6 50 @. Lambs 6½@7 lb. Sheared Sheep— @ c.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 7 1-4@7 3-4c, live weight; Shotes, wholesale, 8@9c; retail, 9@10c. N. Y. Pigs, @ . Northern Dressed Hogs, 9@9½c. Suckling pigs, @ .

Veal Calves.—3½@4c. per lb. Lambs, 6 @6c. A few selected Brighton Hides, @c.

Hides—Brighton, 6½@6¾c per lb; country lots, heavy 7@8c; light, 6@6½c.

Grags and Bull Hides, @c; heavy, @c.

Calf Skins.—12@ c. Small hides, @c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 5@5½c; country lots, 4@4½c.

Pelts.—1 00@1 75 each; Country lots, 1 00@1 75 each. sheared skins, @ c. each; Lamb Skins, @ c each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep
Maine...	354	20	New York..	154	20
N. Hampshire	135	495	R I &	11	....
Vermont.....	111	1742	Western.	1598	5,098
Massachusetts	404	164	Canada.....		
Liverpool.....					
Total.....				2113	8,109

CATTLE AND SHEEP AT RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep		Beeves.	Sheep
Fitchburg...	429	2502	Eastern..	154	20
Lowell....	174	607	Old Colony	11	....
Reston & Alb.	1329	4,890	Onfoot & Boats	16	
N Y & N E...			Boston & Prov		
Total.....				2113	8,109

Brevators and Droves. Cattle and Sheep

Cattle.	Sheep.		Cattle.	Sheep
Maine.			Son.....	593
N E Wlsn	10	2	H V Whipple...	4
F H Coolidge & Co		45	Ta lor Harp n..	7
Son....	22		J W Champion.	8
W W Hall	29		J Kasram.....	9
T D Hersey....	20		H N Jenne	90
H J Hamlin....	11	18

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proven by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and the people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeiters. sp16-y

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Hunt's Remedy,—its Many Merits.

THERE are no diseases more prevalent, with, perhaps, the exception of Consumption, in this country than the Kidney and Liver complaints; and to find a remedy that would effectually relieve them has long been the aim of many afflicted sufferers. Whether our habits as a people are conducive to these diseases, or whether they may result from the peculiarity of our climate, is beyond our comprehension, and is of little value since an efficacious remedy can be had, but of one thing we are sure, that the long-afflicted public will hail with joy the specific which has again and again proved its ability to effectually cope with and eradicate these diseases. The name of this medicine is Hunt's Remedy, and it is manufactured by the Hunt's Remedy Company of Providence. It is not often that mention of a patent medicine occurs in these columns; but, when one comes under our notice possessing such undoubted merits as the one of which we speak, we cannot refrain from giving it the credit it deserves. It cures when all other remedies fail, as it acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them all at once to healthy action. It is sure to eradicate all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs,—such as Gravel, Diabetes, Incontinence, Retention of the Urine. It has a wonderful effect on Weakness or Pain in the Back, Sides, or Loins, and has proved itself the most Reliable medicine extant for General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and all complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs. Its efficacy in cases of that dreadful scourge and insidious destroyer, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, has been truly wonderful. Its merits rested on its success in coping with that disease alone, it would be worthy of high rank as a public benefactor. In all diseases of the Liver,—as Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, and Costiveness—it quickly induces that organ to healthy action, and removes the causes at the same time. It is purely vegetable in composition, being entirely free from all mercurial or mineral poisons, and possesses rare virtues as a remedy for Heart Disease and Rheumatism. We have neither time nor space to do this medicine full justice; but the public can obtain full particulars in the shape of pamphlets and circulars by addressing Hunt's Remedy Company, Providence, R. I.—*Scientific Times.*

READ AND RUN.

—The present condition of the Treasury is not particularly strong, and shows the disastrous effects of the silver coinage very visibly.

—It was noticed that immediately after Mr. Gladstone's return from President Grevy in Paris, France assumed full and formal jurisdiction in Tunisia, and an agreement with England was reached concerning the affairs of Egypt.

—The effects of the harvest of last year begin to tell at last on business. As an observing contemporary remarks, every week now will add to that most considerable part of our wealth which grows out of the soil in the natural sequence of the seasons.

—The death of Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, was a surprise at last, although he has long been in so precarious a condition of health that his death has seemed to be merely a matter of days.

—Parisian custom decides that good wishes for the New Year should be accompanied with a box of bon bons.

—The late Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man.

—The annual dairy products of this country now exceed the money value of the annual wheat crop, or the cotton and woolen crop combined. Few people think of it as possible.

—Well,—and we have seen the end of the Forty-seventh Congress. It behaved wild at the close.

—A number of seized letters reveal the fact that some six thousand men are enrolled in the secret society that has been organized in the north of England.

—Rev. Mr. Bartol preached his forty-seventh anniversary sermon at his church in this city, on Sunday last.

—The Treasurer of the Boston Police Relief Association has confessed to the embezzlement of over twenty thousand dollars from the Association's funds.

—The "Black Hand" society is exciting a great deal of apprehension in the minds of the Spanish officials at Madrid.

—The whiskey bill went unnoticed by the last Congress.

—The Mississippi Valley is submerged for fifty miles, towns are inundated, and people are fleeing for safety.

—The experimental underground cables of the Telephone Despatch Company, of this city, are beginning to be used for practical purposes. It a stroke of lightning, however, were to melt and injure them to the extent of rendering them useless, it would prove very discouraging.

—The local business in dry goods has very much improved recently.

—J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the State Board of Education, slipped and fell on the ice in this city, last Saturday, and fractured his left hip.

—Mr. Gladstone was heartily cheered by both parties as he entered the House of Commons on his return from Cannes, France.

—Rev. Joseph Cook, while favoring woman suffrage, declares that he would not vote for municipal suffrage for woman unless the illiterates are excluded from the privileges.

—It is said that the society for the suppression of blasphemous literature in England proposes to get up cases against Profs. Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, the publishers of John Stuart Mills' works, John Moorley, and others, who, "by their writings, have sown widespread unbelief, and in some cases rank atheism."

—A New York commercial journal says that the preponderance of opinion among business men is that the new Tariff bill will not cause any great reduction in the custom house receipts. Importations have been greatly repressed by anticipations of great reductions to be made by the bill; and now that the rates have been fixed, this deferred importation will maintain the customs receipts at nearly their former amount.

—We have had but two colder days this winter than last Monday.

—The United States Hotel in this city is to have another story added to it, increasing the number of rooms in the hotel one hundred and forty. The cost will be one hundred thousand dollars.

—There is to be no crop in England this year, according to all accounts.

—The people of Newfoundland are essentially a fishing people. They were born fishermen, reared fishermen, and many of them die fishermen, without ever having left the island. They cannot be persuaded to give up their natural pursuits and follow the life of agriculture.

—William Warren is personating Mr. Jefferson Scattering Batkins, this week, at the Boston Museum, for the special benefit of the members of the Legislature.

—The proposition to build a railroad from Brewer to Sullivan' in Maine, to be known as the Maine Shore Line Railway, is exciting considerable interest in the section through which it would pass, and the project now promises an early consummation. It will be about forty miles long, and bring fully 83,000 people, now completely isolated from railroads, into direct and regular communication with Bangor.

—Congress, at its late session, authorized the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad Company to bridge the Thames river, in Connecticut.

—The Massachusetts railroad system is pronounced the most complete in the country. It is not controlled by any of the great trunk lines, has 2,778 miles of road, which belong to sixty-seven different corporations.

—The grand father of the present Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina is said to have raised the first crop of cotton harvested in the South.

—Boston is accused of keeping Lent but poorly, judging from the musical programmes, the theatre bills, and the faces of the crowds in attendance.

—The year 1882 was an especially prosperous one for the life insurance companies in this country.

—Since the fiscal year began, last July, our domestic exports are estimated to have exceeded the cost of foreign imports by nine millions and over, while the specie movement is about evenly balanced.

—It is now asserted that the mythological Phœnix is only expected illusion to the periodical changes of our globe by water, fire, and ice

—The assertion is made that Louisiana, and parts of Mississippi and Texas have fewer postal facilities than any other portion of the country, Alaska alone excepted. In the interior of Louisiana, news is from two to three weeks behind the rest of the world.

—There are now in England 1,530 newspapers, of which number 385 are published in London.

—The horrible case of a man being buried alive is reported from Russia. But for sup rationous ob-ervances it might have been exhumed.

—The municipal woman suffrage bill was defeated in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on Wednesday afternoon, by a vote of 60 yeas to 127 nays, with 20 pairs.

—Gov. Cameron led forth an expedition to protect the oysters of the bays and inlets of Virginia, and has safely returned with it to Norfolk bringing with him as trophies seven prisoners, and their vessels, found in illegal dredging in Virginia waters.

—The grand jury that sat upon the Newhall House fire in Milwaukee found in their verdict on the case that the house was as well protected from fire as houses of its kind usually are, and exonerated the landlord from all blame.

—The legislatures of Missouri and Texas have just killed constitutional prohibition.

—The decrease of the public debt for the month of February is just at present estimated at seven and one-half millions.

—Two members of the Senate tariff conference committee, Messrs. Bayard and Beck, have withdrawn from the conference, construing the House resolution as precluding such a "full and free" conference as the resolution adopted by the Senate contemplated.

—Massachusetts Grange No. 38, has remonstrated against the passage of the bill now before the Legislature, authorizing mayors of cities and selectmen of towns to grant permits to boys and others, who claim to be making collections, to shoot or destroy our insect eating birds.

—On June 5th, 1783, nearly one hundred years ago, the first public and successful experiment of launching a balloon in the air was made in Annonay, France, by Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier. The balloon was named for them. It is now proposed to erect a monument on the spot whence the first "Montgolfier" rose before an astonished crowd.

—"Home," said Rev. Dr. Dix, in a recent discourse, "is the first thing intended in matrimony. It is a holy estate, and all who make up the home are inheritors of the covenant promise and partakers in the sanctity of that sweet relation to each other and to God. But some re-olve that there shall be no home, or at least that it shall be as narrow, as limited as possible. They wish, it may be, to avoid pain; they wish to shirk the duties of paren age; they wish to be free to enjoy the world."

Patent Channel Can Creamery.

Deep setting without ice. Perfect refrigerator included. Suited for large or small dairies, creameries, or gathering cream. Special discount on large ord rs. One creamery at wholesale, where I have no agents. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

W. F. LISCOLN,
Warren, Mass.
jan5a27.13t-eow

THE KEMP MANURE SPREADER.

This machine is now an established farm necessity. It not only saves the work of several men, but it does better work than is possible to do by hand.

It takes the coarsest manure and applies it perfectly to the field, covering every square inch of ground, insuring rapid growth and uniform crops in all parts of the field.

It increases the value of manure, making two loads applied with the spreader equal to three loads put on by hand, as the crop will bear testimony.

It benefits the poor farmer as well as the rich, for it will make his manure pile go one-third further, yielding one-third more crop.

It is one of the staunchest and strongest of machines, and will save its cost in a single season.

Inquire of your neighbors who have them in use, or send to us for descriptive circular.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Richardson M'f'g Co.,
mh10.tf WORCESTER, MASS.

UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY
—IN FAVOR OF—
"KIDNEY-WORT."
THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY DISEASE, LIVER TROUBLES, MALARIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, LADIES WEAKNESSES, AND RHEUMATISM.

TERRIBLE KIDNEY DISEASE.

"Mrs. Hodges says I cannot too highly praise Kidney-Wort," says Mr. Sam. Hodges, Williamston, W. Va. "*It cured* my terrible kidney disease. My wife had to turn me over in the bed, before using it."

SEVERE KIDNEY DISEASE.

"I was *entirely cured*," recently said Mr. N. Burdick, of the Chicopee Box Co., Springfield, Mass., "of severe kidney disease by using Kidney-Wort."

COULD NOT WORK. BEFORE.

"I've had no pains since I was *cured* by Kidney-Wort," said Mr. Jas. C. Hurd, of the Chicopee Box Co., Springfield, Mass. "I couldn't work before using it, so great were my kidney difficulties."

KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES.

"Several doctors failed," writes N. Steepy, Allegheny City, Pa., "but Kidney-Wort *cured* my kidney and liver troubles of two years standing."

KIDNEY COMPLAINT AND DIABETES.

"For six years," says Engineer W. H. Thompson, of C. M. & St. Paul R. R., "I had kidney complaint and diabetes. Kidney-Wort has *entirely cured* me."

IT HAS DONE WONDERS.

"I can recommend Kidney-Wort to all the world," writes J. K. Bingaman, Crestline, O., "*It has done wonders* for me and many others, troubled with kidney and liver disorders."

Constipation, Piles and Rheumatism.

I have found in my practice that Constipation and Piles in all forms, as well as Rheumatic affections yield readily to Kidney-Wort.—Philip C. Ballou, M. D., Monkton, Vt.

PILES 16 YEARS.

"Kidney-Wort is a medicine of priceless value. I had Piles for 16 consecutive years. It cured me."—Nelson Fairchilds, St. Albans, Vt.

PERMANENT RELIEF.

"I have used Kidney-Wort for gravel," recently wrote Jas. F. Reed of North Acton, Maine, "and it gave me permanent relief."

30 YEARS KIDNEY DISEASE.

"I had kidney disease for twenty years," writes C. P. Brown, of Westport, N. Y. "I could scarcely walk and could do no work. I thought I was dying. God thank Kidney-Wort has *entirely cured* me."

A GREAT BLESSING for RHEUMATISM.

"It is, thanks to kind Providence, *a great temporal blessing*," truly remarks Wm. Ellis, of Evans, Colorado. The gentleman referred to Kidney-Wort, and its magical curative properties, in cases of rheumatism and kidney trouble.

RHEUMATISM ON THE BENCH.

A priceless jewel. J. G. Jewell, a Judge at Woodbury, Vt., says: "Kidney-Wort *cured* my rheumatism. Nothing else would do it."

PILES

From Nantucket, Mass., Mr. Wm H. Chadwick writes: "Kidney-Wort *works promptly and efficiently* in cases of Piles as well as kidney troubles. It's a most excellent medicine."

LADIE'S TROUBLES.

"No medicine helped my three years peculiar troubles," says Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, of Isle La Motte, Vt., "except Kidney-Wort. It *cured me*, and many of my friends, too."

OVER 30 YEARS.

"I had kidney and other troubles over 30 years," writes Mrs. A. Gelatney, Flint, Mich., "Kidney-Wort has helped me but Kidney-Wort. *It will effect a permanent cure.*"

A Physician's Wife's Troubles.

"Domestic remedies and prescriptions by myself (a practicing physician) and other doctors, only palliated my wife's chronic, two years' standing, leucorrhœa and other kidney troubles. Kidney-Wort *cured her.*" The cure extracts from a letter of Dr. C. M. Summerlin, of Sea Hill, Wanatee, Co. Ga.

SETTLED CONSTIPATION.

"I have had kidney disease for 20 years," writes Mrs. Sarah Phillips, of Frank ort, N. Y., near Utica. "Kidney-Wort has *allayed all my pains* and CURED my settled constipation."

LADY DISCHARGES TWO SERVANTS.

"I have not been able to do my house work for many years, until lately," writes Mrs. M. F. Morse, of Hyde Park, Minn., "I've now surprised all my friends, by discharging my two servants and doing their work. Kidney-Wort was he cause. *It cured me of Pro stony.*" aug26-y

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe*.]

Messrs. Editors :—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pi ls" are the writer, "*are the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D

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HOP PLASTER

Sciatica, Kidney Disease, Lame Back, Side or Hips, Sharp Pains, Pleurisy, Heart and Liver Troubles, Stiff Muscles, Sore Chest, Cramps, and all pains or aches in every part. It soothes, strengthens and stimulates the parts. Sold by druggists, everywhere at 25 cents.

Hop Plaster Co., Sole Manufacturers.

Mailed on receipt of price.

CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY, Gen Agts, Boston.

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COLLECTION of SEEDS and PLANTS
Embraces every desirable novelty of merit. Described in our
MANUAL of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN
which for 1883, contains PETER HENDERSON'S "*Practical Instructions in Vegetable and Flower Culture*," making it a condensed Gardening Book, having all the latest information known by the author of "Gardening for Profit." Mailed free on application.
Of course you want to, what paper you saw this in.
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AGENTS WANTED,
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"STRAWBERRIES AND THEIR CULTURE."

BY HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

[A paper read before the Mass. Horticultural Society, Boston, Feb. 17, 1883.]

The strawberry, said Mr. Wilder, is one of the most capricious plants. A variety may do well in a certain locality, and in another not far distant may be a perfect failure. There are some varieties which, like the Baldwin apple and Concord grape, are adapted to a wide extent of territory. Such is the Wilson, which is recommended by the American Pomological Society for thirty-five States and Territories, while no other is recommended for more than twenty-eight. We must therefore study the character of soils, locations and climates, and select such varieties as are best adapted to them. The acclimation of tender or half hardy plants is a fallacy, and we must rely on the fitness of things to the condition in which we live.

The strawberry has assumed great importance among our cultivated fruits, and great progress has been made in the production of new and fine kinds, but there is still room for improvement. We know no reason why we may not produce varieties of strawberries of the finest quality and such as are adapted to every section of our vast territory. To produce them we should select as to-day those which possess the characteristics which we wish to obtain. To make sure of a perfect cross, the essayist has chosen pistillate kinds and impregnated them with those of the greatest excellences, for example, the Crescent—which though of second quality, possesses extraordinary hardiness and productiveness, with no d form and color—which he has crossed with the President Wilder, Duncan, Triple Crown and other high flavored sorts. From these cro sis he has obtained some very promising kinds. The time is fast approaching when the public will not be satisfied with so poor a strawberry as the Wilson, and if we can produce a better one the Wilson will disappear from our markets. If we can produce a variety of the quality and productiveness of the Hovey in former years, and better suited to general cultivation, should we not do it? What is wanted is varieties of excellence that everybody can grow.

In regard to culture, the strawberry is a gross feeder, and without a well prepared soil and abundant supply of proper food, and at the proper time, no great success can be anticipated. We should plant on land which has not been for some years occupied with strawberries, and manure and prepare thoroughly, and give a good top dressing immediately after the fruiting season, and repeat this in the spring, being very careful not to disturb the roots. Well rotted stable manure is good; ashes—or, as a substitute, muriate of potash—and bone are excellent fertilizers, and these are the better if composted with soil or manure and allowed to heat before using. In this climate the spring is the best time for general planting.

But when every care has been taken in planting, we have often to contend with the heat and drought of summer, which renders it impossible of all difficulties. No plant is more benefitted by a constant supply of water in the fruiting season than the strawberry, and the essayist repeated his former advice, "Give the strawberry water! water! and still a little more water!" If he were to grow it on a large scale for market he would provide the means of irrigation, so that water might be given whenever needed.

Some varieties require to be grown in hills, and to have the runners cut off so soon as they appear. Such are the Sharpless, Bidwell and Triomphe de Gand. Some are pistillate and require the bi-sexual kinds to be planted near by and to bloom at the same time. Such are the Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand and Manchester. For want of proper impregnation these kinds often fail of a crop, but with a suitable companion the pistillate varieties produce very large crops, as did the Hovey years ago, and as Mr. Hovey will show us it can do now. Some varieties produce a large number of runners, and give promise, when in bloom, of extraordinary crops, but do not yield as much as those of less pretentious appearance. There is a limit to the power of production, and where there is a superabundance it is wasted. Every runner only a portion will set their fruit and carry it out to perfection without excessive stimulation. Another cause of failure is a deficiency of pollen in some of the bi-sexual varieties, and it is well to plant near them such as are furnished with abundance of it.

Among the varieties which are taking the place of the Wilson and other inferior kinds is the Charles Downing. Though not hard enough for distant transportation, it is for home use and near markets assuming a prominent place for general cultivation. The catalogue of the American Pomological Society shows that during the last eight years the Charles Downing has increased in popularity four times as much as the Wilson in the same period, and stands today second on a list of forty-one varieties. It sometimes blights, but has never done so with the essayist for fifteen years, and there is now no variety of equally good quality so generally productive.

For garden culture the essayist preferred planting in rows three feet apart, and one foot apart in the rows, allowing each to make from five to six runners for planting in the fall of the first season. Those by autumn will make a row of thrifty, strong, bearing plants, and will produce a full crop of fine fruit the next year. For field culture the rows should be four feet apart, and the plants one foot in the row, and all superfluous runners should be pinched off so as to form only strong plants. The degeneracy or wearing out of varieties may often be traced to the exhaustion of proper elements in the soil, and to bad manipulation of the plants.

In the rage for novelties, described as the "best in the world," we meet with many disappointments, and sometimes become disgusted with their failure and cast them out as worthless without a fair trial. So also with some of the old kinds, which have not been so much cultivated as in former years, such as the Hovey, Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand and others which were once popular. The essayist thought it would be a wise measure for the society to offer a special premium for the restoration of those old, valuable varieties of fruits and flowers which have gone out of general cultivation.

Among the new varieties now being promulgated as possessing extraordinarily good characteristics are the Manchester, Jersey Queen, Iron Clad, James Vick and Big Bob—the last unfortunately saddled with a vulgar name, which the speaker asked pardon for uttering. Should any one of these come up to what is claimed for it, we should need no other kind. But we have not yet arrived at the summit of perfection with the strawberry or any other fruit. What has been said should not prevent any one from testing these new varieties, but we should prove all things and hold fast to those which are good. The field for improvement is immense; with the application and fitness fertilization and human skill its limits are almost without bounds.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkab'e! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

—The base ball season is to be opened in this section on Fast Day.

☞ We do not coun a needless alarm when we tell you that the taint of scrofula is in your blood. Inherited or acquired it is there, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone will effectually eradicate it.

—Mr. Gladstone was compelled to return to London.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

—If President Arthur should die, his constitutional successor will be Senator Edmunds.

☞ The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents.

—Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, is going to Halifax to look after his expected March storm.

☞ "Wheat Bitters." Mothers require it. Children cry for it. Fathers buy it. Price $1 00 per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

—A boy only fourteen years old, living at New London, Conn., has committed suicide with a pistol, the result of reading dime novels.

☞ Agents can grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St. N. Y. nov12 52t

—Jay Cooke is to transform his former elegant residence, Ogants, near Chelton Hills, Penn., into a young ladies seminary. The property is now valued at about a million dollars.

"BUCHUPAIBA"

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. mch11-y

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility $1. mch11-

SOW YOUR CLOVER AND TIMOTHY WITH THE

MICHIGAN WHEELBARROW SEEDER.

Send for circular describing latest improvements. MASON GIBBS, Homer, Calhoun Co., Mich. feb16-8t

HANSELL The Best Remedy—Dr. Hansell's Compound Fluid Extract of Buchu and Cubebs. Prescribed and used for full 40 years in the practice of Dr. Hansell in the U. S. of America. Sold by druggists.

SMALL FRUITS.

Descriptive Price List of the largest and best stock of Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Roses, Bulbs, Seeds, Catalogue, brilliant. It illustrates colored plate of Fruits, and gives prices per 100 and 1000 alone, and contains valuable information. Send for it before ordering elsewhere. Address

T. J. DWYER & SON,
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Green. The most beautiful and useful Publication ever published. J. T. LOVETT, Little River, N. J. Introducer of Gardner's Raspberry & Manchester Strawberry. feb 9-eow4t

HALE BROTHERS, South Glastenbury, Conn., and Penn Yan, N. Y. Catalogue of best Raspberries, Blackberries, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Asparagus, Rhubarb, Strawberries, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, Seeds, Tools, &c. Sent free. Should see it before ordering elsewhere. Address as above.

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WHO WANTS BIG BERRIES

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AND LOTS OF THEM.

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ELEGANT DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
—FREE—
Novelties in SEEDS, POTATOES, PLANTS, &c.
ELEVEN PLOWS, ($100.) GIVEN AWAY IN PREMIUMS.
DANVERS ONION OF BUXTON'S GROWING,
Cannot be Bought Elsewhere.

PARKER & CANNETT,
40 North Market Street, Boston..... 335 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.
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Pure Austrian or German Carp,
The Coming Food-Fish of America.
THE LARGEST PRIVATE CARP-HATCHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Young Carp for stocking ponds, will be ready for delivery about April 1st. Carp are easy to raise, delicious to eat, remarkably prolific and wonderful in their rapid growth. When full grown they weigh 45 to 80 pounds, and have attained to 5 or 6 pounds in eighteen months, and 8 to 10 pounds in thirty months. 40,000 have been hatched in one season in a pond one acre in extent. Persons wishing a supply for spring should order without delay. Sent safely by express to all parts of the United States and Canada. Get only the pure; hybrids are worthless. Write for price list and any information desired. Mention this paper.

CHAS. G. MEDARY, Passaic Valley Carp Fisheries,
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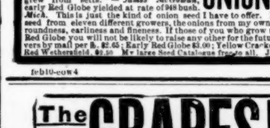
mar10-3t

STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES.



The above cut illustrates how a large number of farmers have been able by the use of Stockbridge Manures to "bridge over" from poor crops to large crops, and so keep more stock, and in turn make more manure, until many of them have now outgrown their barn room, and are obliged to stack out of doors. Of course it is not entirely due to the use of the Stockbridge, but the introduction of these valuable manures at a time when farmers were disgusted with fertilizers—awakened a new interest, and has led to a better system of farming. From that time these manures have steadily increased in favor until they have taken the place of the expensive *Peruvian Guano* for all crops, and especially for Potatoes, Corn, Top Dressing, &c., and only increasing the yield by greatly improving the quality. Remember they are largely composed of chemicals, and are therefore much surer to use than inferior Fertilizers composed of doubtful material. Pamphlet giving particulars, mailed free.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
mh3 tf 43 Chatham Street, Boston.

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. Those purchasing from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so for, that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refund the order gratis. My collection of vegetable seed is one of the most extensive to be found in any American catalogue, and a large part of it is of my own growing. As the original introducer of **Early Ohio** and **Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn,** the **Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Tomato, Melon,** and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. **James J. H. Gregory,** Marblehead, Mass.
dec20-14t

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ROBERT & JAMES FAROUHAR,
GROWERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS.
19 South Market Street, Boston,
Invite a call from **Farmers, Gardeners, &c.,** to examine their large stock of **HOME GROWN** and **IMPORTED SEEDS,** all NEW and SELECT; none are BETTER, some CHEAPER. We *test our Seeds* and long experience as practical men enables us to offer THE BEST. Call or write for *Catalogues. It will pay you.*
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SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.
ANNUAL SALES, 50,000 TONS.

This old and reliable Fertilizer, which has been on the market for **eighteen years,** is unsurpassed for use on **Farm, Garden, Lawn,** or **Flower Bed.** It is a complete manure, rich in all the necessary elements. The Farmer who plants his crops, looking to the money they will return, finds that every dollar's worth of

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO

applied to the soil, repays its cost many times over. Try it, and be convinced. Pamphlets, with testimonials, etc., forwarded free. If there is no local agent in your vicinity, address

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Want my customers say: "The Union Seed was superior to any I ever had."—*S. W. Seaman, Motts Corners, N. Y.* "I can get no seed in my own neighborhood, but, prefer yours at double the price."—*N. P. Watts, Perry, Ohio.* "Your seed is the only seed from which we can raise good onions the first year."—*James McGowan, Tuscarora, Nev.* "I have used your seed for six years and had rather pay $2.00 per lb. extra than have seed from any other source."—*C. Jones, Tarentum, Penn.* "The Danvers Onions from your seed grew larger than any onions around here from seed sold for $2.00 per lb."—*Thaddeus Harris, Worcester Co., Mass.* "Your early Red Globe yielded at rate of 988 bush. to the acre."—*Silas Tatem, Kent Co., Mich.* "This is just the kind of onion seed I have to offer. Last year planted an acre side by side with seed from eleven different growers, the onions from my own markedly surpassed all in roundness, earliness and firmness. If those of you who sow with Pedigree will try Early Round Yellow Danvers by half per lb. $2.50; Early Red Globe $3.00; Yellow Cranker (earliest of all) $3.00; Large Red Globe you will not be likely to raise any other for the future.

The Poet's Corner.

WHAT IS LIFE!

Dedicated to Mrs. Rachel Deliver Stevens on her 97th birthday, Feb. 16, 1883.

BY SAMUEL E. SAWYER.

This life is like a crooked stream,
Winding through its devious way,
Traced to its source, 'tis but a dream,
A vague, uncertain, transient gleam
Of shadowy forms and time's decay.

The trickling brook is childhood's play,
The torrent's rush is youth's delight,
In manhood's prime, its banks display,
Majestic waters wind their way,
Resplendent in the noontide light.

This stream, whose broad, subdued career
In placid strength moves slowly on,
Each turn disclosing scenes more dear,
And olden friendships nestling near,
While voices swell with songs of cheer,
We wake to find the vision gone.

The open bay, now smooth and clear,
Its waters deep, serene, and even,
Embarked again, we know no fear
While listening with a pliant ear,
That welcome summons all must hear,
That calls the good to heaven.

Thus, as we reach that mystic goal
With golden portals riven,
We there regain this world's control,
The chart of life we then unroll,
And seek contentment of the soul
While counting "ninety-seven."

And now we greet with fond caress
Our early friend of childhood days,
Whose lengthened voyage of life we bless,
And love divine, our hearts confess,
Will crown her years with happiness
And endless joy, in realms of praise.
Boston, Feb. 17, 1883.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

MISS CHIPP'S CHARMED SHAWL.

LEAVES FROM MRS. BROWNJOHN'S JOURNAL.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

NUMBER I.

November 18.—What dreary, depressing days composed the passing week. Rain, snow, hail and frost in succession.

This afternoon I stood at the window admiring the wondrous creations of the invisible magician, who had so suddenly transformed the quiet landscape into a shining fairy land. Every bough and spray of the gigantic oaks sparkled in their ebonetic coating as if hung with diamonds, while the skeleton vines, that twine around the old home to the roof-top, were clothed in filmy white so exquisitely and delicately traced by the enchanted artist as to render weak and futile in comparison the imitative skill of human endeavor.

A poor little chick-a-de-de, that seemed to come from Nowhere, fluttered disconsolately from glittering tree to tree, and, amid all the gay splendor, could find neither rest nor cheer. The tender bill pecking in vain at each sparkling spray for the merest atom of sustenance.

As I opened the window and scattered bread crumbs on the lawn beneath, which act quickly caught the bright eye of my winged visitor, I perceived a tall, alight figure attired in black, slowly approaching through the avenue of oaks.

"Miss Chipp!" said my argus-eyed aunt from her seat of observation near the window. "I am so glad she is coming. Poor thing, what a lonesome life she must lead, now here, now there, among cold and indifferent entertainers. Heaven help the poor relation!"

She is not a dependent on any one, Aunt Jerusha. Her limited income supports her, but, as you say, she must lead a lonely life, and during her short stay with us, we must make her forget her sad lot in the affectionate sympathy and warm welcome that await her.'

As I ceased speaking I saw Murt hastening towards Miss Chipp. Lifting his hat with native courtesy he took her faded carpet bag in one hand, while he gallantly assisted her over the slippery lawn with the other. "What a kind hearted soul! Murt is a very jewel of a coachman, Nannie," remarked my aunt, as we watched the two come to receive our guest at the hall door.

Murt is a great favorite of Aunt Jerusha's, who, ignoring his many duties in doors and out, invariably speaks of him as "our coachman;" and as he occasionally drives the caryall—our only "coach"—I too, unconsciously imitating my aunt make mention of our man of all-work as "our coachman."

November 19.—I am growing more and more interested in Miss Chipp.

Little by little, I scarcely know how, partly from herself, and in part from aunt Jerusha, I have learned the events of her solitary life. But before I commit her brief story to these pages I shall endeavor to describe her as she now appears to the observer, should I live to a "green old age," how sadly interesting it will be to turn over the yellow leaves of my Journal, and see again, in the pencilings of the past, the scenes and associates that otherwise might be swallowed up in the waters of Lethe.

But I fail in drawing a perfect picture of Miss Chipp; for no two days does she look alike. Happy and contented while at The Oaks, she appears brighter and younger, losing that peculiar air that characterizes her, as if ever brooding over one thought. But should I meet her to-morrow at the house of the distant relative where she is temporarily staying, years, and not hours, would seem to have added a gray shadow to the indescribable pathos of her face.

Miss Chipp is middle-aged; one of those women who is more interesting under the pressure of sorrow and years than in the spring tide of life, when hope lightens every daily care. She could never have been very handsome, yet Aunt Jerusha thinks her beautiful, with her past refinement and abundant hair, silvered less by time than an early and abiding sorrow. Her proud, sad eyes at once repel familiarity and invite sympathy, while her manner dignified, ladylike and unaffected wins the respect and consideration that the world so willingly accords to the woman of position and means, and usually withholds from her less favored sister, whose power is bounded by her hearth stone, and who exists in an atmosphere of respectable poverty through which the sun of prosperity seldom shines.

Miss Chipp has a strange habit of looking suddenly over her left shoulder when she hears any one approaching, while her deep eyes lighten up with a wistful, expectant look. Now, that I know her better, what at first appeared a peculiarity, carries with it a mute expression of sorrow and disappointment.

Mary Chipp was left an orphan in her girlhood. She was not quite penniless, however, when she went to live in that pleasant city by the sea, finding there a home with a widowed aunt and her only daughter.

Becky Chipp, her cousin, was a pretty girl, a year or two older, with a very variable temper, her actions being usually influenced by the impulse of the moment.

As Mary accepted these uncertain moods with patience and forbearance, their intercourse was one of friendliness and peace. But the years went on, and Alfred Ripley, a rising young merchant who lived in the neighborhood, and for whom Becky entertained a sort of sentimental liking, began "paying attentions" to Mary. Then Becky, after the manner of her shallow nature, determined to blight the tender romance in the bud; and hiding her jealous ire under the semblance of a gay indifference, sought in every way to interrupt the growing intimacy between the unsuspecting Mary and Alfred, who were becoming so closely attracted to each other.

With the insight of a woman who loves, Mary felt that Becky would gladly displace her in her lover's affections. True hearted herself, she believed that Becky cherished an earnest and sincere love for Alfred, and in the tenderness of her nature, she delayed the consummation of her own happiness, thinking to save her cousin the added pain of contrast in the daily contemplation of hope's fruition on one side, with that of unrequited love on the other.

So when Alfred told her of his love she would not say "Yes."

Alfred, who had thought that he read in her eyes the happy truth, was perplexed and hurt when her lips refused to say the one word that would bless him. Her unaccountable hesitation he could only attribute to some perversity of temper. Piqued and discouraged at her apparent indifference to his suit, he refrained from visiting her for some time. But this voluntary absence instead of being an antidote was a punishment. Life was empty without her—in her presence the world seemed paradise.

With these feelings he met the cousins returning one evening from a walk, accidentally as Mary thought. Lifting his hat he approached them. Mary paused with an irresistible longing to speak to him, while Becky, who would have passed on, concealed her annoyance with a light laugh.

Again he looked into the soft, dark eyes that returned his glance with one of smiling tenderness.

After the usual commonplace remarks of meeting friends had passed between them, in a voice intended for Mary's ear alone, and tremulous with entreaty, he asked permission to be allowed to call on her the following afternoon.

Becky, who heard his words and noted his manner, turned ashy pale; while Mary, much distressed at seeing this, gave her assent with a hesitancy that at once pained and offended him.

Raising his hat once more, he turned down a neighboring street, and the girls proceeded homeward in silence.

The house occupied by Mrs. Chipp was one of the old land-marks of the city set upon a hill—a relic that long since disappeared to give place to "modern improvements."

This quaint wooden house, with the high peaked roof and broad honey suckle porch of bygone days, formed a picturesque contrast to the brick dwellings of a more recent date that overlooked it.

In the centre of the grass plot that separated the antique home from the street, stood an elm no less graceful—so thought the admiring occupants of the old home—than its famous and venerable prototype on the beautiful common near by.

During these long June afternoons it was customary with Mrs. Chipp to leave the wide Venetian doors folded back, thus giving the air free admittance into the low, broad hall, which was a favorite sitting place at such hours with the little household, the entwining vines around the porch veiling them from observation.

It was an afternoon as lovely as meeting lovers could desire. Mrs. Chipp had gone to her room to enjoy her usual after dinner nap, and the two girls sat at their needlework in the hall, while the balmy breeze that swept across the miniature lawn blew in with the breath of June's sweet roses.

Mary had placed a vase of fresh flowers on the little table by which they sat sewing; a spray of green leaves shaded the canaries' cage, and a blush rose in her hair and another in the belt of her white muslin dress caused a malicious sparkle in the eyes of the observing Becky.

The singing of the caged pets, and the rustling of the breeze through the boughs of the elm tree, were the only sounds that were heard; for, from widely different reasons, both girls refrained from speaking. With bitter jealousy Becky watched the tremulous happiness expressed in her cousin's whole aspect, while Mary, unconscious of this close scrutiny, dreamed her dream of life's joys and cares shared with him who was dearer to her than all the world beside. As she sat there, she determined that Alfred's happiness should be her first consideration now. She resolved that she would leave him in doubt no longer, and that reposing in each other's love, with that perfect trust that knows no fear, she would leave it to time to change the current of Becky's feelings, which were variable as the shade that the waving elm boughs cast on the sun lit lawn before her.

In sweet expectancy of the approaching meeting and its happy results, she looked at her cousin. Startled with the blank look in Becky's black eyes and deep pallor of her face, Mary rose with a formless fear shadowing her tender hopes, and saying that she would sit in her room for awhile, turned to go up stairs.

Are we governed by influences which we have no power to combat? Do we not oftentimes make or mar the happiness of a lifetime by yielding to, or resisting an impulse?

Without knowing why, Mary felt a strong desire to remain and meet Alfred where she was; she returned back and nervously stood by the open door, plucking irresolutely at the vine leaves that entwined around the entrance. Another glance at Becky's colorless face decided her, and again she turned towards the winding stairs.

"Will you leave me your shawl, Mary; I have taken a fancy to wear it while you are up stairs—as I feel strangely chill?"

Becky, even while she spoke, noticed her cousin's almost imperceptible surprise and hesitation as she paused at the foot of the stairs.

"I believe," she added laughingly, "it is a charmed shawl—you seem under a spell in its folds. Perhaps it may have a soothing effect on my nerves."

"Its only spell is one of memory and association, Becky. You know it was a wedding gift from an old East India sea captain to my mother, and I wear it occasionally in loving remembrance of her."

"Occasionally?" laughed Becky. "Did not Alfred Ripley first see you in that enchanted shawl? Love at first sight was it not? Or were his eyes bewitched? However, I notice that you are very fond of wearing it in his presence."

Mary blushed deeper than the red rose she wore in her full soft hair; with a spice of coquetry, that will readily be forgiven, she intended to wear the "charmed shawl," as Becky called it, on meeting her lover. On more than one occasion Alfred had complimented her on wearing the shawl; but Mary was one of the few women who can make a shawl the most graceful garment that can be worn. It was now thrown over her arm, and without a word she handed it to Becky and passed up stairs.

The shawl was of light texture—its coloring was exquisite—mingling and harmonizing in a way that would delight an artist, while seeming to hold, in a subdued degree, all the hues that adorn earth and sky. Mary used to call it "Joseph's coat" when a child, and it was one of her mother's last gifts to her little daughter.

The afternoon wore away, the evening glided into night, but Alfred did not make his appearance. Much to Mary's relief his absence was unmarked, and with a strange loneliness of heart she sighed herself to sleep and looked for his coming on the morrow. The next day and the next passed in like expectation and vain watching. Once only did Becky seek to wound the heart of her cousin by her unkind remarks.

"Mr. Ripley is a gentleman, I think," with a sneer. "Did he not send you an apology for his rude behavior in neglecting to call after asking permission to do so?"

"He did not," said Mary faintly, her cheeks flushing under her cousin's keen glance.

"No apology! why it was nothing less than an intentional slight. Of course pride will prompt you how to meet him in future; you owe it to your self-respect to take no further notice of him."

"Alfred Ripley would not slight me," returned Mary proudly. "There must have been some mistake—some misunderstanding; that I feel sure will be satisfactorily accounted for yet."

"You deceive yourself when you think so. But why should I interfere. Should he pass this way as he used to do, why, you might wear your East India talisman around you and win the wanderer back again."

With a light laugh Becky turned away leaving Mary to her sad reflections.

Three weeks had passed and one morning as Mary was gathering roses from the vine, that bent with the weight of its lovely offerings, even under the shadow of the old elm tree, with a throbbing heart she saw Alfred approaching with a slow step on the opposite side of the street. Their glances met as he crossed over and paused at the gate.

She turned her face away, unconsciously crushing the roses that she appeared to be tenderly gathering. The merest sign of recognition she was all that he awaited to be at her side. Her faith in his love had not wavered for a moment, and she knew him too well to believe that he would be guilty of the intentional rudeness which Becky had assigned as the cause of his absence. But in that moment her will seemed chained to some unconquerable power that compelled her to remain passive, while love and longing inexpressible filled her soul. At last the spell was snapt by a sound. Was it the sweep of the wind through the elm boughs, or the long sigh of a human heart breathing farewell?

She turned with a stifled sob, the gate was ajar but the face that she expected to see she saw no more.

At the end of another week her aunt informed her, that she had learned that Alfred Ripley had dissolved partnership with the mercantile firm of which he was a valued member; and, with a number of young men, who were seized with the epidemic of the day—the so-called "gold fever"—sought the land of promise that was alluring the countless votaries of Plutus thither with visions of inexhaustible treasures.

In less than three years after this Mrs. Chipp died, and Becky, having married a former admirer of Mary's, a Mr. Giles Cranch, removed to New York with her husband. Then began for Mary that lonely life, now here now there, among cold and indifferent entertainers, as my aunt said, bearing with her where ever she went the love that knew no change!

Did she give gold for dust—was his sincerity mere seeming? She would not admit the doubt to darken her trust in his loyalty to her. Then why did he turn away? Could true affection raise the barrier of seperation between them?

She might have said with Browning's perplexed maiden—

> Was it something said,
> Something done,
> Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
> Turn of head?
> Strange! that very way
> Love began.
> I as little understand
> Love's decay.

But Mary was not without admirers, and her friends urged upon her another suit while she was still young. Her persistency in refusing a persevering and wealthy suitor alienated them from her; but to Mary marriage without love was little less than a sacrilege, and her heart once given to Alfred Ripley could not be recalled.

Mary Chipp had many friends then, but time flies, people change, and as the years came and went, she was neglected and forgotten.

Nearly twenty years had passed since the cousins met. On the birth and death of her only child, Becky wrote to her lonely relative, and there ended the brief correspondence. It was with glad surprise then, that after the lapse of so many years Mary received a visit from Mrs. Cranch.

"Dear Becky," she cried, "how happy I am to see you again!"

Becky made no response, but presented her cheek to be kissed; while Mary's eyes filled with tears at the coldness of her cousin's greeting after long years.

Fashionably attired Becky looked fresh and handsome, the mere prettiness of youth having developed into mature beauty, and with her self assured air she formed a striking contrast to the faded and dejected Mary.

"Stand back, Mary, I want to see how you look!"

Becky bent forward and regarded her cousin with a keen, critical glance, and in her high-pitched, affected tones said,

"I did not think that you looked so old!"

With this complimentary remark she walked to the mirror and arranged her becoming bonnet to her satisfaction. This done, she chatted for five or six minutes with smiling complacency on indifferent subjects.

"My visit must necessarily be brief," she said, rising to go. "I have so much to attend to. Giles came on here for a day or two on business, and I accompanied him as I wished to see little Boston for the last time."

"For the last time," repeated Mary.

"O, laughed Becky, "I forgot to mention that next week we sail for China. My husband has met with losses lately, and he is going there on some speculation or another. Of course I go with him. Heaven only knows if we shall ever return. If you care to see me again you can meet us at the Providence depot to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock. *Au revoir.*"

[To be continued.]

THE RECTOR'S PRAYER-BOOK.

A STORY TOLD BY A RUSTICATED STUDENT.

(Sunday Courier.)

I, Maurice Hixon, a junior in College, was rusticated, and was sent to study with a clergyman in a country town. At first I groaned in spirit thinking of the misery in store for me, but my six months passed almost too swiftly, and when my period of exile was over, my feeling of joy was rather mingled with one of regret.

The name of the clergyman was Cuthbert White, and he had been settled for more than thirty years over St. Luke's parish, at Langdon. He was a bachelor, a fact which caused much curiosity when he first came to the parish, but his was a nature that would not brook questioning, and not even Mrs. Warren, wife of the senior warden could find the slightest clue to what seemed to her a dark mystery. Yet the rector apparently satisfied his people in all other particulars, for St. Luke's had been his first and only charge.

One evening we were sitting in his study, we had our tea there, and the Doctor, as I always called him, was gazing into the open fire as he often did when busy with his thoughts. I was ensconced in an easy chair, my Tacitus in hand, but far to indolent to read the Latin, and my eyes wandered idly about the room. It was a very pleasant study in my opinion. Nothing very elegant in it, but such an air of comfort about everything. There were quantities of books, a few engravings on the walls, and what struck some persons as rather strange and out of place, a fanciful assortment of pipes on the chimney piece, some of them still fresh from the potter, while others bore the marks of age and use. But to my mind the most interesting article was a small oak cabinet which was fastened on the western wall near the window looking out into the churchyard. I had often wondered what it contained, but asking the Doctor was out of the question. I would sooner cut off my tongue.

Four months of my stay had passed at this time and every day I was growing fonder of this man who was proving a faithful friend as well as a teacher. He made me work, it is true, but the compulsion was exerted in such a rare fashion that one could almost call it a pleasure. But on the evening in question I grew weary of lounging in my chair, and getting up, walked over to the western window, where I stood gazing out upon the graves which were bathed in the mellow light of the moon. As I stood there the doctor came beside me.

"Maurice," he said, "it is a pretty picture. I have always cherished a childish fancy that our dead must feel the dear moon as it glimmers in the sky, keeping its faithful watch over them, and when the time comes for me to fold myself in the long sleep of my fathers, I ask for no more peaceful resting place than this before us."

I made no reply. Presently he turned to the cabinet, pulled a key from his pocket, and opened the little door. The contents were before me; several miniatures, a bundle of letters, and a tiny prayer-book. Taking one of the miniatures he pressed his lips reverentially upon the face inside, and held it before me.

"This was my mother," he said.

It was the face of a blooming young matron. Putting it back, he turned to me with a questioning glance.

"Maurice, did you know that this is my treasure house? The only secrets I have are here, nothing very bad you see, not a Bluebeard's closet. This little prayer-book is the dearest treasure of all; perhaps you would be interested in hearing its history?"

I was not at all loath to put aside my book. He resumed his seat by the fire, while I stretched myself on my favorite rug. He handed me his treasure. It was one of the tiniest I had ever seen. Its flexible binding was sadly bent and soiled, its edges, once a bright red retained none of their color, and some of the leaves were dog-eared and torn. Inside I read:

Miss Mollie Stowell
from a friend,
Whitsuntide, 1856.

The Doctor began in this way:

"You may be surprised that I tell you this story, for I am chary of letting the world know my secrets; but since you have been here, I have lived over a great portion of my young life, and this evening the thought came to me, perhaps Maurice would pardon my moments of forgetfulness and unsociability if he knew something of the one great sorrow which is mine?"

"I beg you, sir," I exclaimed "not to confide in me, if the recital will cause you sorrow!"

But he continued:

"You must know that neither father nor mother lived long enough for their son to honor them. Left an orphan at an early age I spent my youthful days at boarding-school. My guardian was a very good man, and my vacations were passed at his house, but there were no young people there, and I found it rather stupid. At the age of seventeen I entered college, and no lad ever enjoyed his four years more. I found friends in abundance, and if I did not go wrong, it may be because they balanced me. I resolved to graduate with honor, paying much attention to my books, but by some good luck my name stood pretty well up on the list at the end of the year. It was during my senior year that I became interested in the church, and when the time of my graduation came, I had fully determined to take orders. My decision caused some grumbling on the part of my guardian, but as he reached the majority, his opinion could not deter me. That autumn my name was enrolled at the Seminary at Akenside, and if my life there was not so jovial as during the preceding four years, it was none the less full of interest and enjoyment. One day in February as I was trudging up the hill, I saw a young lady coming out of the yard of the female seminary. I had often a goodly number of ladies in my life, both old and young, and some supposed to be particularly attractive, but this one seemed to be especially graceful and pretty. Divinity studies had not blinded me by any means, so far as female beauty was concerned, and I stared rather hard at the young lady as she passed. She was rather tall, a blonde, with an abundance of light wavy hair, and that morning she was dressed entirely in brown,—I remember the shade well.

"You are smiling Maurice, as if you could guess the rest, but have patience with me, it won't take long to finish."

"Perhaps you are aware that young clergymen were formerly supposed to be proof against flirtation, and were allowed to make frequent calls at the Female Seminary, or Fem. Sem., as we called it. We always went once a week and some of us oftener. It was not long before I met the young lady in brown, Mollie Stowell. She was an orphan like myself, sent from Philadelphia to be educated under famous Mrs. Dobson, who then was a noted teacher. Soon I began to feel a great interest in her, in short, I found myself in love. Mrs. Dobson evidently thought there was nothing strange in my always asking for Miss Stowell when I called, and our acquaintance ripened very fast. You may think my researches in Theology must have suffered, and I confess they did. You will understand it better when the same blessing comes to you, for it is a blessing after all, this falling in love, ever if the result is a disappointment to our fondest hopes. Mollie could not have been called handsome, her features were not at all regular, but there was an unmistakable charm about every movement and she was singularly natural withal. One of my friends used to say that his wife must possess three qualifications, good heart good teeth and a good disposition, and Mollie was the fortunate possessor of these.

"She was very fond of music, and we sung many a duet together. I never hear the old hymn, *Softly now the Light of Day*, without going back in memory to one afternoon in Akenside church, where I watched Mollie as she stood among her school-mates singing those beautiful words, the fading light of day illumining her upturned face."

"It happened that we never talked of love directly; to me there seemed no need of it, for I was quite sure she was the wife Heaven had designed for me, and furthermore I was a trifle awkward when I touched on sentimental topics. Still, one evening, when I had been calling, she accompanied me to the door, to see the stars she said, and as I bade her good-night, I told her she was the brightest star in my horizon."

"She gave a laugh, 'why Cuthbert, how funny!'"

"And so matters went on until the end of her stay at Fem. Sem. was at hand, for her guardian had determined that masters and instruction in Philadelphia were better for her than boarding-school life. It became very plain to me that I must know whether Mollie really cared for me before she went away. I still felt that she must, but now a separation was at hand, that assurance was not sufficient. I strolled down to the post-office with her one morning, and coming back, I suggested that we walk out on the turnpike. It was in the early days of a late spring, and there could not have been a fairer morn for maiden's wooing. I uttered many commonplace remarks before I reached the absorbing topic, absorbing to me at least.

"Mollie you will be leaving soon!"

"Yes, only three weeks more at Akenside."

"And in your new life how often will you think of your friends here?"

"As if I should forget any of them, and, Cuthbert, it is high treason for you to suggest such a thing; you men are the ones who forget, a new face appears, the old fades away from your memory."

"Mollie," I replied "that is not a bit like you. Believe me, the last two months have been dear to me, dear because you have been ever in my thoughts. If I took up my Hebrew, your face seemed to take the place of the printed page; if I attempted to read a sermon, your blue eyes were the text, and you the theme of the discourse. In short, I love you dearly, and—is it true that you love me in return?"

"She said not a word."

"Does your silence mean 'yes?'"

"'Cuthbert, I am indeed fond of you,' she answered. 'You have been one of the dearest friends here; but it is the affection of a friend that I cherish. As for loving you the way you ask, hardly know what to say. My idea of love is different from what I feel for you. Perhaps in time that feeling might be changed into love, but now I must say 'nay.'"

"I saw by the firm tone in which she spoke that it would be useless to prolong our conversation. We walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then pulling out this little prayer-book, I gave it into her hands, telling her it would be a constant reminder of me. She thanked me for the gift, and begged me to write her name in it. I wrote what you see with my pencil, and she marked it over in ink afterwards. When we parted at the gate, she thanked me again, 'hoped she had not offended me,' and this was our last walk.

"After graduation Akenside I did not give up my case as entirely hopeless, perhaps I was something of a fatalist and had reasoned so much with myself that I was confident of winning her in time. Occasionally she wrotel me, telling of her pleasures, and how much she was enjoying everything. One told of her meeting Jack Beaumont a college friend of mine, who was studying medicine in Philadelphia.

"The days go pretty fast when one is busy, and I found that by working hard, I could in some measure put Mollie Stowell out of my mind, not that I desired to banish her, but it appeared to me that I was not doing justice to myself in letting my studies suffer; because a woman had refused me. So when I left the seminary a joint letter from Mollie and Jack came announcing their engagement. I did not answer their letter for many days. At last I saw that my idea of marrying Mollie was wholly a delusion.

"Soon after I came here and threw myself into my parish work, determined to live down my sorrow, and to leave my past life entirely behind me. I wrote to Mollie as seldom as possible to do this. Whenever a lady came near me, I mentally compared her with Mollie, but having idealized the latter no one could fill the place. I was invited to assist at the marriage of these two Jack, of course, knowing nothing of my affection for his betrothed, while Mollie little dreamed that the love I offered her at Akenside was as intense as ever. I declined the honor they offered me. The day they were married I was holding a service in the church, and may God forgive me for allowing my thoughts to wander away to that other edifice where a college friend, and my only love were being made one. They went immediately to Europe. Like too many Americans they lingered in Rome until the fever came to Mollie. I know very little of her illness, but it terminated fatally, and she sleeps in a foreign land. Her husband determined to live abroad, and I heard little or nothing of him. One summer I went abroad, and by some strange Providence came upon him, living almost alone in a vine-covered cottage at Martigny, where he spent his days healing the sick and getting the good will of all the peasantry about. Jack was delighted to see me, and we spent a week together, a week of confidences, and when we parted, it was with mutual feelings of sympathy. Three years ago he died, leaving me a small legacy and this prayer-book.

"And now, my dear fellow you know why the little book is so dear, and why I am so often silent and sad. To-night thoughts of the past came rushing upon me with unusual force, and perhaps I am easier for confiding in you—at all events you will think none the less of me for it."

He sat silently in his chair, his eyes closed, and his right hand grasping the book. Looking at my watch I found that the night was coming on apace. I got up from the rug, bade him my usual "good-night," and, it might have been childish in me, but my lips touched his forehead before the study door shut behind me.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

James Buchanan, when President had a very narrow escape from being mixed up in the Sickles Key scandal. When Buchanan was Minister to England, Sickles was his Secretary of Legation. Mrs. Sickles was from Pennsylvania, and was one of Buchanan's pets. He thought as much of her as he would of his own daughter. When he became President Buchanan was very intimate with the Sickles family. Whenever he was tired he had the habit of slipping out of the White House and walking through Lafayette Park for a chat with General Sickles and his wife. The day before Key was shot was Saturday. Saturday morning Mrs. Sickles came over to the White House and called upon the President. Buchanan was very fond of Buckwheat cakes. Mrs. Sickles called on him to tell him that she had received some very nice buckwheat flour from Pennsylvania, and that she was going to have some hot cakes for their Sunday breakfast. He, beguiled by his love of the heated slapjack, rapturously consented. Harriet Lane was then mistress at the White House. When she heard of the invitation she advised the President not to go. At that time Washington society understood fully the nature of the intrigue being carried on between Keys and Mrs. Sickles. General Sickles and Buchanan were the two last men to learn of the scandal. Miss Lane was asked by the President to give a reason for his declining to go to the breakfast. Said she, "I do not care to give my reasons. Act upon my judgment and you will not regret it." Buchanan was more impressed by her manner than by her words. When the tragedy took place Buchanan fairly shuddered at his escape. If he had been at the breakfast he would have been with Mrs. Sickles at the time of the shooting of Key. The world would have believed him one of Mrs. Sickles's lovers. He would have been dragged into the scandal beyond all hope of escape.

TRUE LOVE.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

True love is like the ivy bold,
That clings each day with firmer hold,
That groweth on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.
What though the wall on which it climbs
Has lost the grace of former times—
Will then the ivy lose its hold,
Forget the sunny days of old?
Nay, rather will it closer cling
With loving clasp, remembering
That it had hardly lived at all
Without the kindly shelt'ring wall.

True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been;
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end, it clingeth on.
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall hardly know another spring?
What though its boughs be dead and bare?
The twining ivy climbeth there
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grace it never had
When time was young and life was glad.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

[The Sunday Republican.]

I.

There are many lovely towns lying along the Connecticut river, but none more lovely than that near which one of the Regicides concealed himself for a long time, to escape pursuit. This old town has a double row of elm maple trees on either side of its principal street, which extends two miles in length along the river. About half a mile from the southern end of the street stands the old Walbridge place. This has stood for nearly 200 years, and so many old memories are clustered about it that relatives near and remote would consider it a great misfortune if the estate were allowed to pass out of the family.

In the south parlor of the old house, on a bleak evening in January, 1860, an old man lay dying. He was the owner of the Walbridge homestead, and the last of the old stock. He had one son who was now standing by his bedside, and a dearly beloved daughter who for 15 years had cared for him, and who now sat chafing his cold hands while her two children knelt at the foot of the bed, shading their eyes, dreading to know what this death bed might reveal to them. John Walbridge, the old man's son, a wealthy distiller in a distant town, could scarcely restrain his selfish impatience that he had been detained here since yesterday, and his old father was still alive. The old man turned his eyes slowly opened.

"Mary, I want to see Mary."

"Here I am, father."

"Alone, alone."

Reluctantly the brother left the room, and the children were about to follow when the old man raised his head feebly—

"Robert—"

The mother, believing Robert to be wanted, detained him, carefully closing the door. With difficulty the dying man spoke. His words were disconnected, but he made them understand that he wanted to speak of his will, and he twice or thrice repeated, "The last—the last." They imagined that there was more than one will and that he had been unable orunwilling to choose between them.

"Afraid of John," gasped the old man. "Look out—" Again he muttered inconherently, "I put it in the—"

Thinking to help his feebleness, Mary asked, "Did you leave your last will in your study?"

A decided negative movement of the head and a glance of his eyes answered her. "In the—" He stopped. Mary turned her head and saw her brother John standing in the door. The dying man had seen him first, and the sight arrested the words that trembled on his lips. The effort at conversation had exhausted the sick man, and although he several times opened his eyes and once or twice pressed Mary's hand feebly, he spoke no more and at midnight he died.

Robert, a lad of 16, was shrewd enough not to mention the conversation, which had evidently not been overheard by his uncle John, and who, as only the last disjointed sentence reached his ears, had failed in his object in eaves-dropping.

During the interval between the old man's death and burial, John Walbridge, as the only son and sole heir of his father's large estate, remained master of the house. He had just taken a special interest in discovering any will made of late by his father, for in a recent visit he had with some difficulty convinced his father of the incapacity of any woman to manage business; and having given his promise that he would provide for his sister Mary and her children liberally, he had the satisfaction of seeing his father sign a paper bequeathing to him the bulk of the family property, leaving only a small balance in bequests to various relatives, and to the church of which he was a member and liberal supporter. Much to John's anxiety, however, he had not seen the will witnessed, for his father was unwilling to make Mary a witness of her own misfortune and the one he chose was absent for the night. John, however, exacted from his father the promise that the will should be witnessed in the morning, nothing having been changed meanwhile. He had such confidence in his father's word that he left early in the morning without having ascertained anything save that his father was as well as usual.

II.

To the funeral of Dea. John Walbridge gathered all the old settlers for miles around. He had been well known and beloved, and many were the wishes expressed for Mary's fortune, and many expressed the hope that John would not inherit any of the old father's honestly earned wealth to add to his nefarious trade. Robert, finding that his uncle John had discovered his father's will in the study, and remembering that his grandfather had stoutly denied that it was in that room, spent much time in hunting other places of concealment with which the old house was well supplied. His efforts met with no success. Mary, too, sought in many places, but finally gave up the search as vain.

After the funeral, according to custom, the will was read, and John Walbridge was found to be the sole heir. The lawyer who read the document continued to curiously examine it after he had ceased reading, and finally called John's attention to some words faintly traced below the signature. These they finally made out to read,—

"My curse upon him if he does not care for Mary and her children."

For a time these words recurred frequently to John's mind, and made him uncomfortable; but he soon dismissed them, thought of fear, and calmly bade Mary remember that she with her two children had had a good home here for 15 years, when she had been left a widow and penniless. These children had been thus far kept in school and well clothed, and, as Robert was now of an age to earn his own living, he would advise his sister to place the boy without delay in some clerkship. He had, himself, some influence in his own town, and he would cheerfully use it in Robert's behalf. As for the girl, as she was yet too young to help herself, he would undertake to clothe her and keep her in the same school where she now was, until she was 16 years old. He intended to sell the old house as soon as an opportunity offered, but until such time as he could find a buyer Mary might remain there with her child as she had done. Mary was so indignant at her brother's treatment of her that she would have rejected the proposal with the scorn it merited had not Robert begged her to submit. He was still positive that another will was somewhere concealed, and to leave the house was to lose the chance of finding its hiding place. Thus it happened that the uncle returned to his business, leaving his sister and her children in charge of the old house.

III.

Robert's one idea, now, was to find the will that he was sure must be concealed somewhere in the house. With patience almost inexhaustible, he turned out the contents of every old bureau, ransacked the frames for any little drawer that might be concealed from casual observation, he examined every cupboard, the boards in the floor, the old clock, the old bedsteads with a curious drawer under the head—a place which ancestors thought to be a safe hiding place for valuables while the owners slept Robert dreamed out strange holes and corners which in his feverish wakening he could not find. Often did Mary advise her son to give up the idea which absorbed him, and try to find employment suited to his age and attainments. Not to be beholden to his uncle, Robert sought and obtained a situation as clerk in the small store to which the post-office was attached. He thus learned the method of two kinds of business at once, and proved himself so competent that there was soon no danger of his being supplanted by any one else so long as he chose to retain the position.

Nothing more was said about the sale of the old place, but a man came once to look at the premises, and Robert soon after heard a rumor of a mortgage upon the property. John Walbridge had not always been such a hard-hearted brother as he now proved himself to Mary in her emergency. He had of late been conducting his business on a large scale and had speculated largely in tobacco, that curse of the valley farmers. He had lost large sums upon the crops left unsold upon his hands, and his business at the distillery was thus crippled. He hoped the next season would be better. If he could only dispose of the large stock of tobacco he had stored in his barns he would be all right once more. While he was in torture between hope on the one hand and fear of failure on the other, his immense barns, all situated near each other, and filled with choice tobacco, caught fire from some cause unknown, on a blustering night. The dry and papery stock burned like tinder. Nothing was saved, but he said to himself, "After all, the insurance will help me out of my difficulties." But on arriving at the office of the agent, he received the overwhelming news that "the policy expired yesterday."

Ruin stared him in the face. His creditors, on learning the state of the case, and remembering the insurance, as he had done, presented their claims. Many of them had waited for months, as a creditor often trusts a man reputed to be wealthy. A heavy mortgage had been put upon the distillery property to raise money to pay those creditors who were the most clamorous. The old homestead also was mortgaged heavily, to meet the demands of other creditors. These were the largest, but not by any means all his debts, and, worst of all, the wretched man had not a spark of conscience left; otherwise he must have been harassed day and night, because of his broken promise to his father.

IV.

Nearly two years passed while all these changes were transpiring. Robert had become a skillful clerk. Bessie had been kept steadily in school, and in June would graduate from the high school in her own town. She would soon be competent to take care of herself. In John Walbridge's life, meanwhile, one mis ortune seemed but to pave the way for another. The loss of his property was followed by the death of his wife. He had but one child, a daughter, whom he dearly loved. For her he had intended to amass a fortune. This child, Mary, had been blessed with a good and judicious mother, who, while she could not prevent her husband's engaging and continuing in his nefarious traffic, still exerted all her influence to prevent its injuring the dearly beloved daughter. Mary had been subjected to many a taunt aimed at the distiller's daughter. She had endured many things which she had never confessed to her mother, and had often begged her father to have nothing more to do with the terrible trade. John loved his daughter dearly, and had often promised himself that when he had cleared $50,000 for her, he would give up the business altogether in disgust.

Thus matters stood in May, 1862, when two men from the city presented themselves at the office of John Walbridge, and reminding him that the mortgages in their hands were legally due, demanded payment of the same. John was unable to pay, but he had fully expected to be able to come to some terms with them and thus put off the evil day. He was doomed to disappointment. "Pay now or we attach all." He was forced to yield to the situation, having no money wherewith to pay.

That night the poor man fell a victim to some shock that deprived him ever after of his mental faculties. He never knew his daughter again. He was never able to wait upon himself more. He was a helpless burden on his faithful daughter's hands.

V.

Out of the dear old house Mary and her two children were driven. The furniture, however, they were allowed to retain, and with it they fitted up a small house which Mary's means enabled him to hire. As the uncle and cousin were destitute, they were welcomed into the household, and the two little families were dependent upon the exertions of Robert. However, when the new school year opened Bessie received an appointment as teacher, and thus was enabled to assist her brother.

Among the furniture of the homestead was a very old piano, with little square legs, in size like old-fashioned table legs, and fitted with the round, brass pedals now sometimes see on bedsteads and bureaus in our grandmother's rooms. After John Walbridge and his daughter became part of the little household, Mary sorely missed her piano, but the cousins laughingly assured her they could well supply the deficiency. They all hastened to the lumber room, and endeavored to open the old spinet, but it was locked—nailed up, in fact.

Robert in his enthusiasm, broke open the old instrument; but to the disappointment of all not one string was left. The case was full of papers, and bundles of documents.

An idea occurred to Robert,—the missing will!

"Keep back. Don't touch a thing, for your lives, until I look!" he cried.

He quickly removed roll after ro